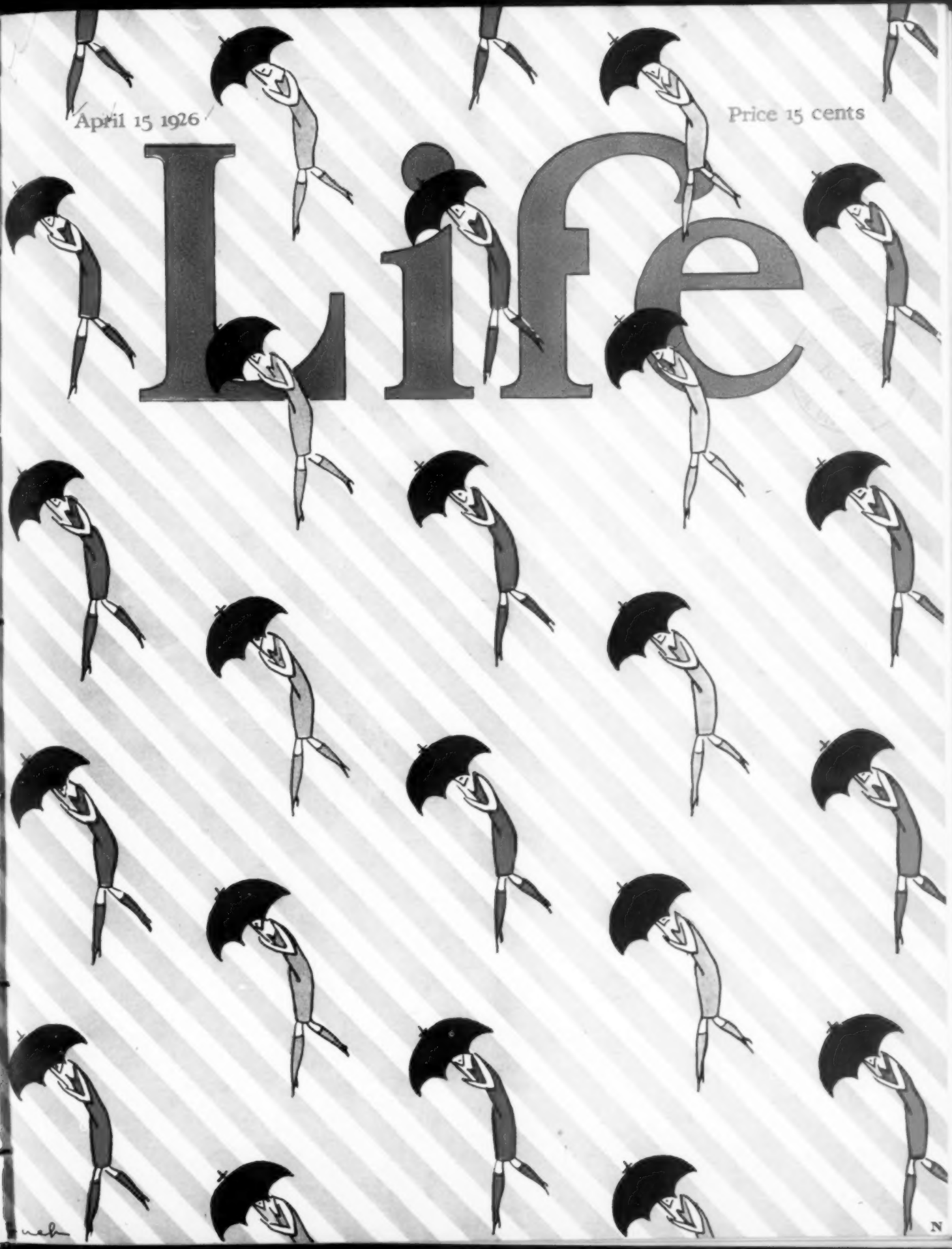
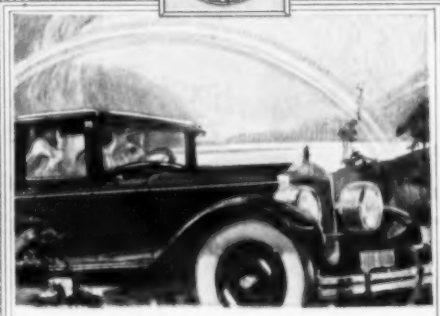
April 15 1926

Price 15 cents

Life





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Drive where and when you will . . . over mud-whipped, rain-splashed roads . . . the luxurious beauty of DUCO smiles at exposure, and defies the elements.

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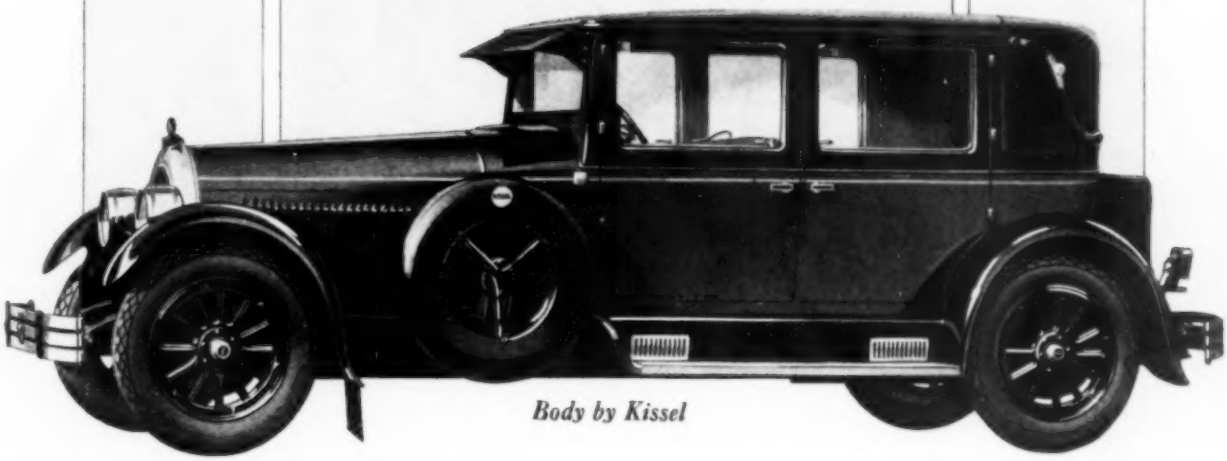
There is only ONE Duco — DU PONT Duco

KISSEL

CUSTOM BUILT



Body by Kissel

Proper Wheelbase Is Everything In Riding Comfort

Kissel has built this magnificent Straight Eight De Luxe Sedan on a 137-inch wheelbase chassis for smoother riding quality.

Your first mile in this great motor car will reveal to you in a delightfully pleasant way just how these added inches of wheelbase have increased traveling ease.

Never, we believe, in all your motoring days have you experienced the quiet restfulness, the lazy luxury that this smart Kissel affords.

It is a car in which continued ownership enriches and enhances your appreciation—for Kissel design and construction have made it unusually easy to handle.

Swung unusually low, it hugs the road at high speeds and around sharp turns. There is power in abundance—silent, mellifluent power under its long graceful hood. There is almost unlimited speed, too—75 miles an hour for hours at a time, if you want it.

Two other Kissel innovations for 1926—[1] the new all-year Coupe-Roadster—two cars in one. The Six at $1695, the Straight Eight at $2095, f. o. b. factory, Standard Equipped. [2] the Six and Eight Brougham with sliding front seats, which permits easy entrance and exit to and from the car.

KISSEL MOTOR CAR COMPANY, HARTFORD, WISCONSIN

REST

Quaint Quebec invites it

Exit, Quebec's gayest Winter! Enter, the Chateau's tranquil Spring! Five hundred and fifty guest rooms are the ample measure of its hospitality—come and rest awhile, its cordial invitation. The quaint old wing is now being restored. Above it looms the great baronial tower—landmark in a countryside that looks and lives and talks like old Normandy. From your window, look down on the St. Lawrence—or off there into the distance toward the blue Laurentians. Bask in the morning sun on Dufferin Terrace, or jog through cobbled streets in a native calèche. Amble along the highways, past hamlets, shrines, and jolly peasants. Forget the present in the peaceful idyll of a seventeenth century Spring...*Forget*—until the Chateau Frontenac's modern appointments, deft service and luxurious comfort bring you pleasantly back to the moment! What a change—what a *rest!* Come, enjoy it! Chateau Frontenac bids you welcome—*as ever.* Information at Canadian Pacific, 344 Madison Ave., New York; 71 East Jackson Blvd., Chicago; or, Chateau Frontenac, Quebec, Canada.

CHATEAU

FRONTENAC

BIENVENUE À QUÉBEC

Add Mythological Characters

THE college boy is *gauche* and risky,
The jokes he tells are simply awful;
He often takes a shot of whisky,
Which isn't what you might call lawful.
He's very gay and very bold—
Or so I'm told.

The college boy goes midnight driving
With women who are wild and woolly;
A smash-up is his foremost striving;
Arrests are what he craves most fully.
He's very bold and very gay—
Or so they say.

The college boy pays no attention
To school, and never goes to classes;
He spends his mornings in invention
Of snappy slang for snappy lasses.
His speech is mirthful to the ear—
Or so I hear.

The college boy is known all over,
In novels, stories, songs and dramas;
He's famed in Paris, Dublin, Dover,
And even in the far Bahamas.
I'd love to meet this college boy—
He'd give me joy!

Simonetta.

Hints for Gardeners

SPRAYING insects with sarcasm and profanity does no good.

The best garden plots are made by caterpillars and bugs.

Vegetables planted in the full of the moon usually die before they come up. Vegetables planted in the dark of the moon, however, usually die before they come up.

Remember that even if the whole country's vegetable crop is a failure, you can always raise prices.

The plant that grows like a weed usually turns out to be one.

Always sternly forbid your young son to work in the garden. He wouldn't do it, anyway, and you get the credit for being obeyed.

Don't spend a lot of time worrying about what to plant. Most birds will eat all sorts of seeds, and even if any vegetables should come up, you'll find the insects are not overly particular either.

Finally, don't be discouraged at the end of your yearly gardening experience. "Patronize your naborhood grocer."

Wayne G. Haisley.

After the Lecture

LATE-COMER: Give me the gist of his remarks.

SURVIVOR: They were gist terrible.

ARTISTS' models aren't as bad as they're painted.

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Fred E. Coppage, for 29 years a Gorham Master Craftsman, chasing a Cinderella Tea Pot

CINDERELLA

The Master Craftsman's newest production

CINDERELLA PATTERN

Tea spoons	*6 for $9.50*
Dessert knives	*6 for $21.00*
Dessert forks	*6 for $20.00*

In five short months this latest achievement of the Master Craftsmen has grown from an artist's conception to one of Gorham's most favored patterns.

Of exquisite grace and delightful decoration—to see Cinderella is to understand its phenomenal reception. Your jeweler will gladly show you Cinderella.

GORHAM

PROVIDENCE, R. I. NEW YORK, N. Y.

AMERICA'S LEADING SILVERSMITHS FOR OVER 90 YEARS

Member of the Sterling Silversmiths' Guild of America

The Book of Hosiery 94

TWO numbers of the Phoenix line today outdistance all the rest in public favor.

Two superlatively smart numbers—style leaders for the spring season!

One for men, and one for women!

Number 368 is a woman's full-fashioned stocking, made of the finest Japanese silk, with cleverly reinforced heel and toe, full garter top and run stop. It comes in an alluring array of modish colors, and retails everywhere for $1.85 a pair.

Number 284 is a long-mileage sock for men, made of the sturdiest strands of the finest silk, with the famous "tipt-toe and heel," skillful reinforcements where they are most needed. In all popular colors at 75 cents a pair.

These are just two numbers of America's most complete line—for men, women and children.

PHOENIX

PHOENIX
HOSIERY

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Life

"POP, I'M GETTIN' FED UP ON THESE BEDTIME YARNS! WHY DON'T YUH UNLIMBER ONE O' THOSE STORIES YOU TELL THE MEN FOLKS WHEN MAMMA AIN'T AROUND?"

Not a Tear Was Shed

IN the Kingdom of Rougaria a law against punning has been passed. Citizens in that country may play upon horses, roulette, keno, pianos or even saxophones, but they must not play upon words.

Abube-Asap was the first man condemned under the new law. Convicted of first-degree punning, he was sentenced to be hanged.

However, on the night before the morning set for the execution the warden entered the cell of Abube-Asap bringing good news.

"Congratulations, Abube-Asap!" he said. "The King has signed your pardon. You are a notorious punster, the worst in all Rougaria. However, the King has decided to give you another chance, on condition that you swear never to pun again! What do you say to that?"

"No noose is good news!" said Abube-Asap.

So the pardon was withdrawn and Abube-Asap was hanged.

Barrie Payne.

Helpless

"I HATE to marry Bill but I'll have to."

"How come?"

"I can't return his engagement ring because I've lost the damn thing."

HALE: Back from Florida, eh? How are you?

DALE: Deaf.

A Thousand Thunders!

HERRIOT'S in and Briand is out!
Herriot's out and Briand is in!
The Radical Section's in utter rout!
The Left Bloc favors a tax on gin!
Is Malvy likely to save his skin?
Will Caillaux accept or reject Finance?
They've named everybody but Rin-Tin-Tin.
Another Cabinet crisis in France!

Socialists chatter and Centrists shout
A *mille* conjectures with bokoo din—
The franc will tumble without a doubt!
The rise of the franc is due to begin!
The budget's supporters expect to win!
The budget hasn't an earthly chance!
The budget—but fiddle! who cares a pin?
Another Cabinet crisis in France.

The universe scutters and scoots about;
In dizzying orbits the planets spin;
Spring and summer and frost and drought
Are, and prestissimo! they have been.
While in and out, with an elfin grin,
Like a bluebottle fly in the cosmic dance
Whirls that perennial harlequin,
Another Cabinet Crisis in France.

L'ENVOI

M. Briand, I am worried thin
Lest this ribaldry fall 'neath your august glance.
Because if it should there'll be, sure as sin,
Another Cabinet crisis in France!

Baron Ireland.

In 1976

ACTOR'S LITTLE GRANDDAUGHTER: And what part did you take in "Abie's Irish Rose," Gran'pa?

THE SUPREME SACRIFICE

Collegiate: I LOVE YOU SO, I WOULD LAY DOWN MY LIFE FOR YOU!
Flapper: YES, BUT WOULD YOU PULL UP YOUR SOCKS?

Circus Patron: WHAT AILS THE WHAT-IS-IT? HE LOOKS SO WORRIED.
Press Agent: HE IS. ALL HIS TEN CHILDREN ARE PERFECTLY NORMAL AND HE HAS NO ONE TO LEAVE HIS BUSINESS TO.

What They Really Say

THE pitcher and the catcher meet midway between the plate and the box. The heavy hitter stands fretfully, awaiting the end of their conference. The stands rise in tumult. "Inside baseball," say thousands of fans; "see, they're talking it over. Inside baseball."...

CATCHER: Say, don't mind this big bum; he's a big bum, thass all.

PITCHER: Yeh, I know; he's a big bum. Say, you been down to Pete's place lately?

CATCHER: I wuz there last night; Pete's got some pretty good beer now.

PITCHER: Well, I wuz thinkin' I'd sort of stop off atter th' game, but this here beer you get now is li'ble to be etherized.

CATCHER: Thass right; guy can't be too careful. Still, this beer Pete's got ain't bad. I'll say that fer it; it ain't bad.

PITCHER: Well, mebbe I'll take a look in; onny a guy's got to be careful these days.

CATCHER: Thass right; a guy can't be too careful.

PITCHER: No ust takin' a chanct when you don' have to.

CATCHER: Thass right; say, mebbe we better walk this bird an' throw 'em up to th' next one.

PITCHER: Well, he's onny a big bum.

CATCHER: Thass right, but they's no ust takin' chances.

PITCHER: Aw rite, I'll walk him; an' how about stoppin' off at Pete's atter th' game? He mightn't remember me.

CATCHER: You're on, but Pete'd know you ennyway. He's a great one fer rememberin' faces, Pete is. Say, don't give this guy any down th' ole alley; no ust takin' chances.

The game is resumed. The batter walks. *James Kevin McGuinness.*

A WHITE-COLLAR JOB

It's an Ill Wind

CRAWFORD: How did you come to escape when you were held up?

CRABSHAW: A taxicab happened to come around the corner and ran over the bandit.

Justified

THE late Dr. Lauder Brunton pointed out that the act of mastication increases the circulation of blood in the brain, thus increasing the activity of the mental processes. Chewing gum, therefore, makes it possible for millions of people to enjoy tabloid newspapers who would otherwise find them beyond comprehension.

The Elusive Trout

By
Ring Lardner

THE editor of LIFE has asked me to tell about a little fishing trip we had last Thursday. I did not know it would be interesting enough to write up, but it seems he heard of it from Dorothy Parker who was along with us, and from what she said, he thought it might make interesting reading. I asked why did not he get Dorothy to write it up herself, but he replied she had informed him I was "literarily inclined," so I was "elected." As a matter of fact, the only writing I ever did was some little things in my school paper, *The Fester*, while Dorothy has submitted several articles to different magazines and one of them was accepted by *Delia's Weekly* and they sent her an anonymous check for $6.00 and a begging letter, begging her to submit her next article to somebody else.

BUT I was going to tell you about the fishing trip. It all started as a kind of a joke. Five of us were on a party at Dorothy's. Besides Dorothy and myself, there were "Galloping" Smith, Arsee Stapleton, Garn Pulton, Bernard Baruch and Basil Hone. Arnold Smith is "Galloping's" real name, but we call him "Galloping" on account of some lung trouble. Arsee Stapleton loves a joke and tells the craziest things with not a word of truth in them, but he always keeps a straight face and you would wonder why he kept it if you saw him. Garn Pulton leads vespers. It is an obsession with her and she can't go past a vespers without asking to lead them. They say she got a hold of one in Kansas City once where there are a great many hills and it would be easier to tell what she did not do to them than what she did.

Bernard Baruch is a New York financier and Basil Hone a wash-basin creeper. He keeps creeping and creeping around wash basins, but has never yet found one without some flaw. Neither he nor Bernard could come to Dorothy's this night I speak of.

AFTER supper Arsee read a poem from *Dirty Stories* out loud and then "Galloping" (Arnold) suggested that we play charades. He and Garn went out in the next room and came back in a few minutes and announced that it was a six-syllable word, or rather, two words, signifying an amusement park. They started with a scene which they said portrayed the first two syllables. The two "actors" pretended they were having breakfast together and Arsee said: "It is too bad we are not married."

"Yes," replied Garn, "and we would be if I didn't already have a husband."

Of course, she really hasn't a husband at all, but this was just in the charade.

Then they went out again and Arsee returned alone and said he would portray the next three syllables, which completed the first word of the charade, whereupon he gave Lincoln's "Gettysburg Address" with amusing gestures. It was very amusing. Lots of people think Arsee missed his calling when he did not go on the stage as a comedian. He is a cat coaxer by profession and coaxes cats out of the queerest places where an ordinary person would never look for them.

There remained only one syllable, the second and final word of the charade. Arsee and Garn came in carrying a potted geranium. It sure was potted. They placed it on top of the piano and both pointed at it.

IT was now up to Dorothy, "Galloping" and I to guess the charade and I was about to give it up, as I could not see head or tail to it. But just as I was going to ask them what it was, "Galloping" guessed it. It was "Incinerating Plant."

Dorothy and I and the Smith trick went out next and decided on two words, five syllables all told, representing a musical organization. Dorothy sent a bellboy to her next-door neighbor's, a family named Gapple or some such name, and borrowed a bass and tenor saxophone and a melody C poltroon. The three of us then entertained our "audience" with an impromptu rendition of Hergesheimer's "Java Head," after which Dorothy asked: "Doesn't this organization belong to a redskin?"

"No," I answered. "It is mine."

"And that," added "Galloping" Smith, "is the whole charade."

Garn and Arsee were unable to guess and we had to tell them the answer, which, of course, was "Whiteman's Orchestra."

ARSEE now volunteered to teach us a game called "Muscle Shoals," which he said the soldiers used to play in the Boer War. The game is the same as bridge, except that instead of cutting for deal, each contestant bares his arms and the one who has the shallowest muscles is the first dealer.

It was after eleven o'clock and Garn remarked it was time for her to go home, as she had to breakfast early next morning with her glazier. So we voted to postpone our little fishing expedition till some day when all of us were free.

Lardner—the Artist and the Man

WHEN Mr. Lardner brought the accompanying article into the office of LIFE *we were having an editorial conference. The boy came in and said: "There is a man outside named Lardner, or Lardner, who wants to know if any one here would like to have any fun." This was on a Friday.*

It seems to us that Ring Lardner represents a new note in American folk-dancing. Just as Homer took the legends of ancient Greece and wove them into a pretty long, dull poem; just as Voltaire and so and so and so and so; just as the sun went down, so Ring Lardner emerges from the welter of jazz, flappers, gin and lemon which is America to-day, and holds aloft the banner of racial purity and how have you *been?*

But read Mr. Lardner's "The Elusive Trout" and see for yourselves. We think it is a bully good yarn.

THE EDITORS.

"THEY TELL ME YE'RE DIVORCED, MYRA. DID YE GET ANY ALIMONY OUT OF YER HUSBAND?"
"NO—BUT HE GAVE ME A REFERENCE."

For Better English

A SHORT time ago I heard a flapper approach her father with these words:

"Pa, gimme a dollar bill to get a hair bob, willya?"

Somehow, it suddenly brought home to me with full force the horrible butchery of our beautiful language by modern youth. I sternly reproved the young lady, who happened to be my own daughter. I absolutely refused to let her have the dollar until she could ask for it in pure English. I enlarged upon the lack of elegance, of refinement, in her speech. At first she sulked, but gradually she came around to my way of thinking, and when she came to me again she couched her request in this wise:

"Please, Father, may I have a dollar William to get a hair Robert?"

So I slipped her two bucks.

Asia Kagowan.

We Moderns

CHARLIE: There's an excellent picture at the Rialto. Shall we go?

MABEL: No, let's go to the Lyceum. I can smoke there.

The Ryewayman

THE night was a torrent of darkness
Above the misty seas,
The moon was a tipsy galleon
Riding a drunken breeze,
Rum Row was a floating warehouse
Of gin and Scotch and more,
And the rum-runner came gliding, gliding, gliding,
The rum-runner came gliding
To take the goods ashore.

He'd a .45 in a holster
And a three days' growth on his chin.
His boat was a Seabright dory
That could run a hundred in;
She skidded along at fifty,
She almost seemed to fly—
And the runner was proud and haughty, intolerant and haughty,
With a hint of something naughty
In his bloodshot, roving eye.

Over the billows he scudded
And thumped to the schooner's rail,
And he ordered Usher and White Horse,
But all they had was ale.
He cursed like a raging demon,
And tore his tangled hair,
Then swept on over the water, over the misty water,
Dodging the line of slaughter,
To try his luck elsewhere.

But hark! on a dark destroyer
A rusty breech-block creaked
Where Souse, the gunner, listened—
His throat was parched and peaked.
He was bound to do his duty,
Ordered to shoot to slay;
But he loved his Scotch-and-sodas, his bubbling Scotch-and-sodas...
So his firelock held its load as
The rum-runner sailed away.

Lloyd Mayer.

The Perfect Baseball Fan

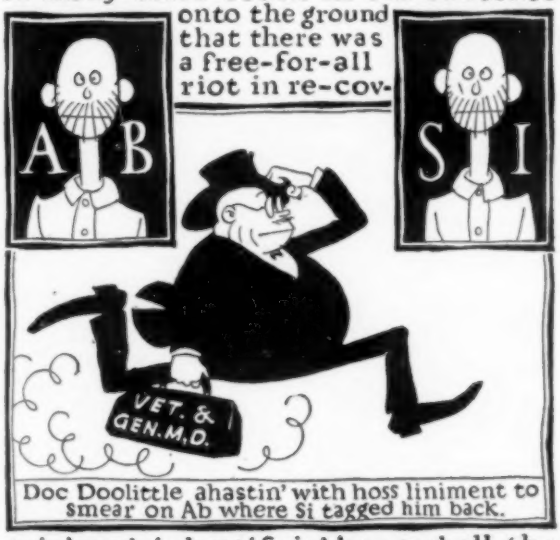
HE doesn't complain if the seats are behind the screen.
He doesn't have to ask who's batting.
He doesn't suspect the manager.
He doesn't worry about getting home.
He doesn't think baseball is fixed.
He doesn't expect his cold drink to be cold.

McC. H.

A SUCCESSFUL monopolist is a man who gets an elbow on each arm of his theatre chair.

THE SOCKING OF SI

ONCE I seen Ab Eads sock Si Huff so hard it loosened the rafters in the barn where they fit and scart a mule that had been dead for three days into a runaway and jangled the fire bell so hard the apparatus lit out without waitin' for the men and shook all the fruit off the trees and curdled the follerin' five days' supply of milk for the county and spilt so many false teeth in the audience onto the ground that there was a free-for-all riot in re-cov-



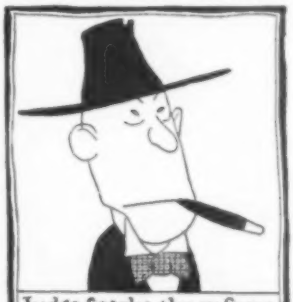
Doc Doolittle ahastin' with hoss liniment to smear on Ab where Si tagged him back.

erin' and i-dentifyin' 'em and all the hens in the county laid scrambled eggs for two weeks after and jangled a passin' ford into reverse and stove in the new water tank at the de-po and de-railed the sem-i-weekly express which was waterin' at the time and pre-sippitated Matt Patty's hoss's moultin' and give him chills and colic and put a permanent wave into Hop Yick's hair at the laundry and mowed down all the telephone poles for two mile and

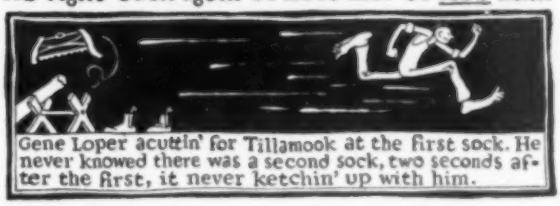
Bill Coons e-mergin' from the ru-ines of his bakery which collapsed at shock 2

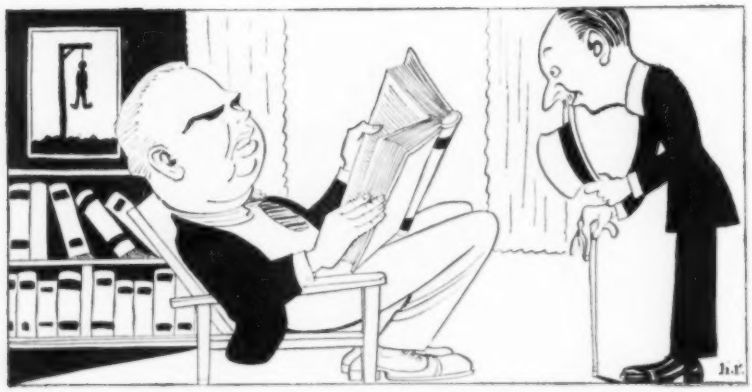
Squire Link aholdin' time on the battle.

marcelled what wires was left up and turned the roof around on the Racket Store so the sign was apintin' over the back fence and the Peavine Ridge school closed on account of earthquake and the crawfish in the Yamhill River most all died of seasickness and six pigeons and a crow on the roof of the barn where the fight was fit was shook clean as a whistle of all but their pin feathers and Frank Dickey swallered his harmonicky and re-gurgitated same all in one gasp likewise Fetchie Turner and his cud and woke up Constabule Smith twice and knocked Cap'n Heath's feet off'n the stove in the back of Rogers Brothers' drug store and slid the Baptist College into Cozine Crick and Art McPhillips got religion and snarled up the plumbing in the Hotel Yamhill so they had to skip a Saturday night and brought on rain out of a clear sky and made Mayor Bunk Holman miss a ringer at hoss shoes in front of the bank and spilt Doc Mishaw out of the window in his office twenty-four years on Main Street opposite the Postoffice over the Red Front and never lost a case but that ain't a marker to what happened when Si up and uncorked a stemwinder and socked Ab right back again be-lieve me. Si HIT him!


Judge Sparks the referee.

Brat Henry he carried water for the gladiators.


Gene Loper acuttin' for Tillamook at the first sock. He never knowed there was a second sock, two seconds after the first, it never ketchin' up with him.



Mr. Benchley Interviews Theodore Dreiser

I FOUND the author of "An American Tragedy" reading a large volume of law reports.

"Working on a new book?" I asked.

"It's a new book to me," replied Dreiser. "I don't know about you."

"Oh, I'm all right," I retorted. "A little dizzy when I stand up—but then, one doesn't have to stand up much, does one?"

"Does two, does three, does four," sallied the author, up to one hundred.

I could see that we were treading on dangerous ground and, fearful lest the interview be ruined, I continued, wetting my thumb:

"Do you get around to the night clubs much?"

"Much more than what?" asked Mr. Dreiser.

"I didn't say 'much more than' anything. I just said 'much.'"

"Well, you took a very funny way of saying it," said the pioneer. And added, "I *must* say."

Things had reached an *impasse*. The storm which had been gathering for centuries between Church and State was about to break, and with it the temporal power of Rome.

"Let's get out of here!" I said, taking Dreiser by the arm. "I don't like the looks of things."

"Some one was saying that very thing to me only yesterday," said the author of "The Genius." "Now who was it?"

"George Erlich?" I suggested.

"No," said Dreiser.

"Roger Hatney?"

"No."

"Mrs. Federber?"

"No, no! For God's sake, man, try and *think!*"

"Wentworth Whamer?"

"No."

"Ernst Timmerley?"

"That's who it was! Ernst Timmerley! How stupid of me not to remember. Ernst Timmerley, that's who it was."

"I thought of suggesting him at first," I said, "but it slipped my mind."

"You can't tell me that was just a coincidence," said the author of "Sister Carrie."

"Oh, I can't, can't I?" I retorted, not a little piqued. "Well, *it was just a coincidence.*"

Dreiser looked at me half quizzically. "You win," he said simply.

Outside the snow was blowing down the street like an army of fireflies, but inside, by the fire, it was warm.

Robert Benchley.

From a Club Chair

CARRIE NATION lived ahead of her time. Prohibition would have given her so many more places to use her axe on.

* * *

It is a nice question whether one eats an artichoke for nutriment or exercise.

* * *

This has been a most interesting theatrical season. In one play the characters wore masks, and in others not even that much.

* * *

The radio, I read, kills off popular songs; so it is really true that there is no evil without good.

James Kevin McGuinness.

A Saving

MARJORIE: Gladys married Beasley, the great divorce lawyer.

LOTTIE: How convenient!

Traveler: I WANT TO BUY A TOOTHBRUSH.
Storekeeper: SORRY, BROTHER, BUT OUR LINE OF SUMMER NOVELTIES AIN'T IN YET.

Mother: DO YOU WANT TO HEAR A STORY ABOUT A GOOD LITTLE GIRL?
Daughter: MAYBE. WHAT WAS SHE GOOD AT?

Why the Italians Are a Menace

SCENE: *A modest vegetable stall.*

TONY: Ah, *buon' giorn', Signora!* Eetsa wat you weesh? Gotta niza cauliflow', grin pizz, stringa bins, hartichoka, sparragras——

THE CUSTOMER: Oh, new carrots! How lovely! (*She breaks one off the bunch, tidies it with her mouchoir and nibbles daintily at it.*) How much are your oranges?

TONY: Ha! verry nice-a *ho*ranges. Sex fa toity-five.

THE CUSTOMER (*to her friend*): How perfectly ridiculous! You can get them for a dollar-forty-four a *box*, my dear, in Florida.

TONY (*still under a delusion*): Verra nice grapa-froot, happles, pears, pienapplis...

THE FRIEND: My dear—radishes! (*She breaks two from a bunch, tidies them with her mouchoir and has at them.*)

THE CUSTOMER: My dear, I *wish* I could eat them. I like them, but you know—they don't like me. (*To the vegetable man.*) How much are the strawberries?

TONY (*with pardonable eagerness*): Verra good! Verra fine! Sometinga special. Eighty-five-a cents!

THE CUSTOMER: How perfectly ridiculous! I don't imagine they are a bit sweet! (*She picks up the box, takes out the best strawberry from the top and eats it.*)

TONY (*a bit brown around the edges*): Salary, lettuce, spinacho, bananas, tomatoes, musharooms, hegg-a-plant, beetsa...

THE CUSTOMER: No! No! No! (*To her friend.*) Goodness, they are persistent, aren't they? (*To the vegetable man.*) The fact is, I want an onion.

TONY: Wan honion?

THE CUSTOMER: Yes — si...*un oniono*, you understand? I just happen to need one onion to put in a sauce I am making.

NOW YOU TELL ONE

"Of course," said the churchman, "the fact that I believe a thing is true doesn't in any sense mean that it is."

TONY (*slightly groggy*): Wan honion! (*He digs up one onion and puts it in a large paper bag.*) Fi'-cents.

THE CUSTOMER: What! Why, the idea—five cents for one onion. Here—here's two cents and don't you try any of those tricks on me! Five cents for one onion—the idea! (*She breaks off another carrot in her indignation.*)

TONY: Awright—two cents. *Corpo di Bacco di Minerva di Mercurio di porco di millebombe di orangotango di maledito di madrigale! Ma!*

THE CUSTOMER: What! How dare you! You—you nasty alien! Did you hear what he said?

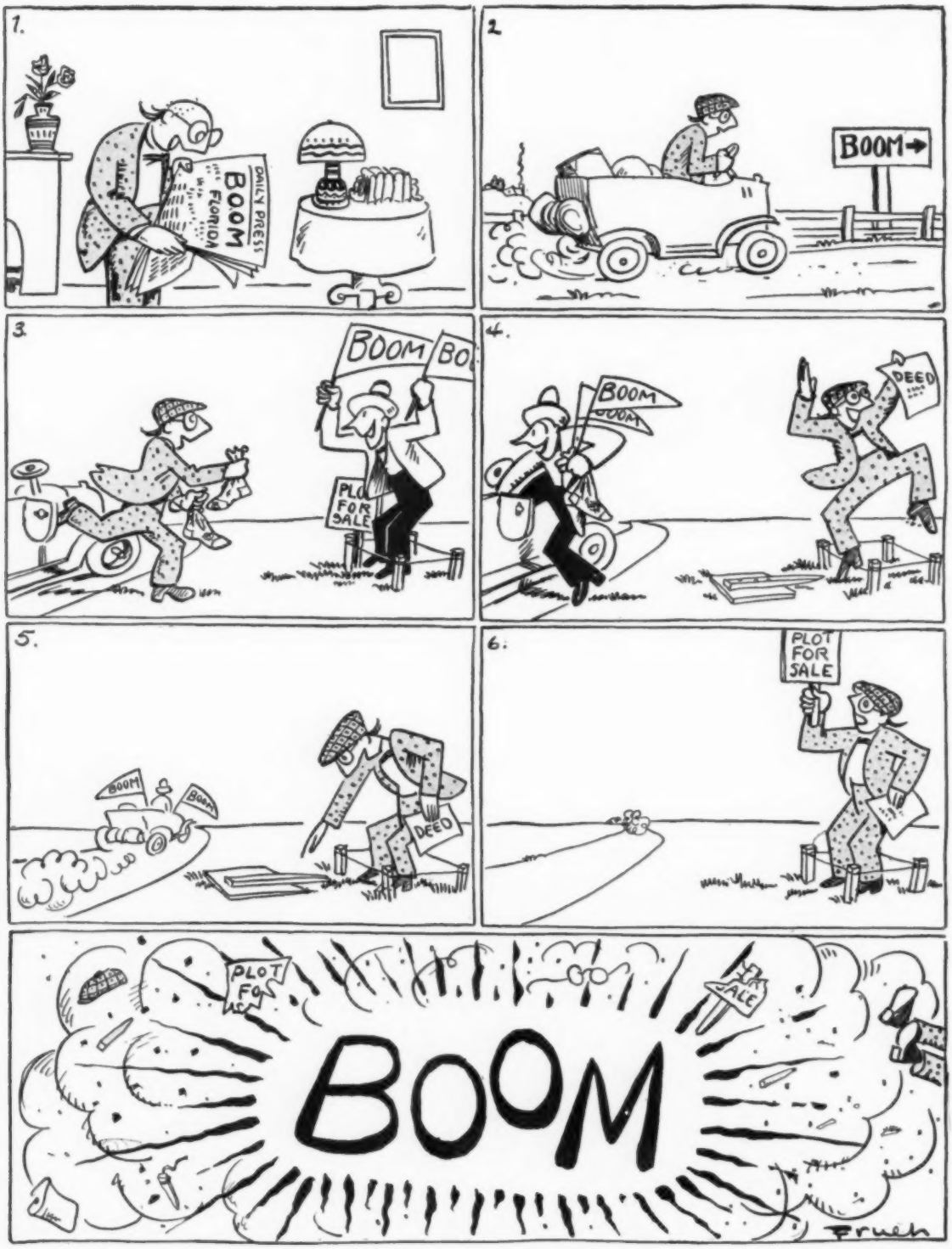
THE FRIEND (*through grim lips*): I—certainly—did!

THE CUSTOMER: We both heard you! The idea—you despicable alien! I shall speak to my husband and you will be deported back where you came from! (*They exit in a couple of flounces.*)

TONY: Two centsa, fi' centsa, how mucha da stromberries, eata da carrots, eata da radeesh, pencha da horanga—O Dio mio! (*He goes over to a bin and breaks four cocoanuts, one by one, over his head.*)

CURTAIN.

Henry William Hanemann.



The Dull, Sickening Thud

A Bard's Dilemma

I SEE a fur coat, with a pretty face in it,
I break into song, like a lark or a linnet—
But then I remember it isn't the thing
To write about such for an issue for spring.

There's lace on the pine trees, and gold in the rivers;
I think up an Ode that is full of the shivers—
But then I recall that a bard shouldn't sing
The wonders of ice for an issue for spring.

If I could put down what just pops in my noodle,
My poems would sell, and I'd clean up the boodle—
But since there's no market for verse on the wing,
I'm all out of luck for an issue for spring!

Smoff.

P. S.—He Got the Razz

SIMPSON, one of the nine-to-five boys who play around the office with me, had just returned from his honeymoon.

Honeymoons, I've read somewhere, are supposed to be the "shortest, gladdest years of life." Oh, no, I guess that was a couple of other fellows. However, they are supposed to be happy, and here was Simpson looking as merry as a man making out his income tax. He seemed, too, to have lost the dapper appearance for which he had been noted. He had an air no sprucer than that of a man who has just stepped under a shower-bath with all his clothes on. There was an obvious hole in his sock; his cuffs were frayed, and three buttons were missing from his shirt.

"There is a button off your shirt, old boy." I spoke cheerily. "Why don't you get your wife to sew it on for you?"

If the look he gave me had been a dull, blunt instrument I should have been mangled remains.

"What's wrong?" I asked. "You seem off your feed."

"Feed!" he thundered. "By the Great Toasted Cornflake, do I look like a man who has been fed? Do you get your own breakfast in the morning? Do you have to burrow through a pile of dishes in the kitchen sink before you can even find the coffee pot, and then, when it is located, do you have to wash it before you dare to use it?"

"Come, come." It was all I could think of to say. "You must not expect too much at first of your little bride."

Simpson controlled himself with difficulty.

"Expect too much?" he roared. "That's good, that is. That *is* rich. But I don't want any sympathy. I knew what I was doing. My eyes had been open a long time. I got just what was coming to me.

"I married the winner of a nation-wide contest on 'Why Business Girls Make the Best Wives!'"

Sterling Patterson.

"HEY! QUIT IT! STOP THAT BLOOMIN' THING! I JUST CAME FROM THE DENTIST!"

Ebb Tide

THE bottom is reported to have fallen out of the Florida real-estate boom. So it did have a bottom!

"YES, MY DEARS," SAID GREAT-GRANDMAMA, "I REALLY ORIGINATED THE CHARLESTON SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO—BUT UNFORTUNATELY, NOBODY COULD SEE HOW I DID IT."

"NOW, JUST ANOTHER DAB BEHIND YOUR EAR."

Mrs. Pep's Diary

March 22nd The telephone a-ringing early, and it was Edith Banning saying that they had been given a present of some wild duck and would we come for dinner and help consume them, and I was sorry to refuse her, because I knew the desperation of her plight. The great evil of duck-shooting, methinks, is that its followers feel they must dispense their quarry amongst their friends, often without bothering to remove the feathers, too, for never in my life have I received a present of any game soever when it was entirely convenient to cook and dispatch it. Better two pounds of Hamburg steak summoned hastily from the butcher than a haunch of venison hanging high through the misdirected generosity of an absent Nimrod. I am minded in this connection of Abe Martin's saying, The folks that go on fishin' trips these days don't need 'em. To luncheon with Ann Andrews at a public, where I ate a fine ragout and drank a beaker of ale, God help me, and then along Madison Avenue, reflecting Pharisaically how much better our own old silver is than any I saw in the windows, albeit I saw two pepper shakers which I coveted, but did not price for fear of becoming low-spirited. Nor did I stop at any crony's house to gossip, as I felt inclined to do, this being the season when I do suffer from the delusion of many of my friends that an open fireplace is an all-year-round proposition, for I have no mind to swelter within when the air is so pleasant without. Some goldfish I saw in a window did recall the days when I had three named Acker, Merrall and Condit, and how, Condit having to be replaced so frequently because of suicide, I did finally stop at a pair and change their names to Park and Tilford.

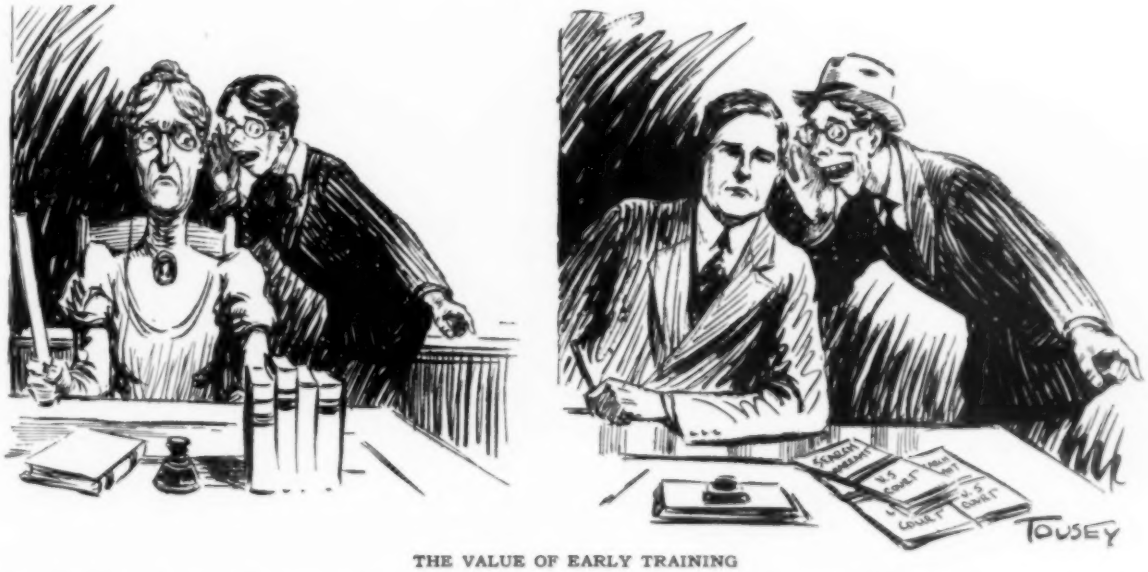
March 23rd A gray, drizzly day, the kind to be spent in buying brave new raiment or choosing cheerful chintzes for the redoing of one's bedroom, so off early to the shops, and discovering in the cab that my purse contained nought save a ten-dollar gold piece, I did order the driver to stop at a bank, which I entered with some misgivings, feeling always when I am stranded with such a medium of currency that it may be counterfeit, and I find myself in the clutches of the law for innocently attempting to defraud. But I did face the teller as nonchalantly as I could, and was so greatly relieved when he did not bite the coin or ring it upon his desk to test it, that I made off with my change with a gay sense of having actually cheated him. I did weary of my expedition before going many squares, however, the streets being unduly slippery and the chauffeur as reckless as though his chirurgeon had given him but a few hours to live. Nor was I encouraged, neither, by the number of ambulances which kept clanging their courses through the traffic, albeit I bethought me of the indifference which Mistress Lucille Webster told me the natives of Los Angeles feel toward such proceedings, saying, Fear not—it is nought but an interne going for another package of cigarettes. So to Marge Boothby's, with a righteous sense of saving several hundred dollars by so doing, and she told me how Rip Haverford had safeguarded himself in the transportation of his liquor by addressing it all to his mother-in-law. She did beg from me, too, against the christening of her infant nephew, the bottle of water which Colonel Walker did bring me from the River Jordan, and I did promise it to her on the condition that she would never wear to our house again the spangled evening gown which drips beads in such profusion that days elapse before they are all swept up....On the morrow I do go upon my annual Spring diet of milk and vichy, and do pray for strength to hold out against new asparagus and soft-shell crabs.

Baird Leonard.

Heel and Toe

MAYME: Are you ready for the Charleston?

JIM (*impatiently*): Yes, yes, hurry up! Shake a leg!



THE VALUE OF EARLY TRAINING

THE NASTY LITTLE BOY WHO USED TO TATTLE-TALE TO THE TEACHER—

IS NOW EARNING GOOD MONEY AS AN INFORMANT FOR THE PROHIBITION OFFICERS.

For the Home

IN an emergency, nothing is handier than a half-dozen extra wire coat-hangers on a hook in the clothespress. Holding the garment in the left hand, one can reach into the darkness with the right, knock them all down with a pleasant jingling sound and pick up three of them neatly linked together. The one held in the right hand will hook itself through the buttonhole of a raincoat, allowing the other two to disengage themselves and fall respectively into an umbrella and behind the carpet sweeper. By placing the left foot on the garment and unhooking the hanger from the raincoat, the handle of the sweeper is sufficiently released to swing forward. Dropping the hanger from the right hand and catching the handle of the sweeper in the left, one can easily push the garment into the closet with the left foot and close the door. *C. N. D.*

"HAVE you noticed that Dolly and Fred are always together?"

"Oh, aren't they married yet?"

HEAVEN—THE FIRST SUNDAY AFTER FORD PERFECTS HIS FLIVVER-PLANE

HE HAD AND HE DID

UNFORTUNATELY JONES PREFACED THE STORY HE STARTED TO TELL THE FAMOUS WELTERWEIGHT WITH "STOP ME IF YOU'VE HEARD THIS."

The Busy Signal

TELEPHONE communication between Italy and the rest of Europe was abruptly severed on Fascism's seventh birthday. But nobody who has ever tried to use a European telephone will discover any news value to that.

Experiment

WE do not love each other—that we know
Full well: but come, attire yourself in red,
Entwine your flaming tresses round your head,
And pout your lips; then I shall come, aglow,
In velvet garb as soft as fallen snow,
Hair drooping low, eyes vividly aflame,
Voice husky with the glory of your name,
And up a singing mountain we shall go.

Oh, I shall clasp you tenderly, and vow
Eternal love...you'll smooth my well-placed brow...
And when the day spreads far its dying gleams,
We'll both descend, my dear, and none the worse;
For you shall have a topic for your dreams,
And I a splendid subject for my verse.

Simonetta.

Rare Specimen

I NEVER stall my automobile in the middle of dense traffic.

I never have any trouble with new tires' cutting through the first week.

I never run out of gas ten miles from a filling station.

I never get short measure when I buy gas.

I never have any trouble finding a parking place.

I never find a ticket in my car for overtime parking.

I never drive out on Sunday with a gang of deadhead neighbors and have a dinner check wished onto me at a roadhouse.

I have no automobile.

D. R. S.

"THIS IS POSITIVELY THE LAST TIME I DO ANY SHOPPING FOR THE WIFE. I CAN'T MATCH THIS D—— SAMPLE."

THE GAY NINETIES

BEFORE THE DAYS OF THE QUICK LUNCH, WHEN THE BUSINESS WORLD HAD NOT YET INVENTED "CONFERENCES" AND SUCH TERMS AS "PEP," "PUNCH" AND "SALES PSYCHOLOGY"—THE EVENT OF THE DAY WAS THE RETURN OF THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY FOR MID-DAY DINNER AND A NAP.

The Joke of Creation

ONCE she put her hair up in paper curlers and all the world laughed. Now she bobs her hair and pays to have it marcelled afterwards. Still they laugh.

The bride's biscuits were once the subject of many jokes. Now she goes to the delicatessen, but they find that as funny.

Spring house-cleaning has inspired a great deal of humor and near-humor. Now they find it just as easy to be moved to mirth by the janitor of the apartment and the house-to-house cleaners.

They were amused by the serious way she regarded her housekeeping duties. They grow hilarious over her business career now.

They were highly entertained when she wanted to vote. The way she votes is just as diverting.

Her concern when the hem of her petticoat showed was laughable. How roguish it is now considered for her to omit the petticoat altogether.

Her bustle, her hoops, her wide, long skirts raised many a smile. Her short, narrow skirts, however, have convulsed the world with laughter.

Sheer hose and high heels are so droll, and men grow facetious over her powder and rouge, witty over her foolish ways; they burlesque her opinions, ridicule her innovations, banter her, rally her, chaff her, tease her, caricature her.

Yes, woman is the joke of the world —but the joke is on itself.

Katherine Negley.

The Anvil Chorus

NORTH: Dobbs has taken up the writing of short stories.

WEST: What a foolish idea!

"And he has just sold one for five hundred dollars."

"I always knew he had it in him!"

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"While there is Life there's Hope"

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ALWAYS the most amusing things in the papers are those said without intention to amuse. As when the London *Spectator*, in an editorial discourse excited by "The Intimate Papers of Colonel House," observes: "While the great wheel of the world was turning and shaking wildly and distractingly, Colonel House, to oblige a friend, and for little else, tried his best to steady it."

The idea that Colonel House got hold of the handles of the great wheel of the world "to oblige a friend and for little else" is one of the most amusing thoughts that have come down the road for some time. Nobody has done more to oblige friends than Colonel House. He has done many good turns to many good people and doubtless to some bad ones. He has been criticized as being too amiable, too affectionate, but to suggest that he got into the world mess to oblige a friend is "tu mutch." On the contrary, careful observers will sustain the opinion that when the world war came Colonel House obviously recognized that it was his kind of a game, and promptly selecting a bat, betook himself with eager steps to the plate to face the pitcher. The *Spectator* ought to sit in again with the Colonel. It does not seem to be quite on to him.

IT seems evident, however, that Colonel House is going to survive the publication of the Intimate Papers, and will probably live to put out another volume of them, and that pretty soon, before the market for such wares dissolves. All the detractors have had a shot at him, but his book is pretty generally held to be valuable and interesting, and the voices of those who still think well of him notwithstanding that he has survived the war carry more weight than the noises of detraction. The truth is, all things considered, Colonel House has a great many friends and extraordinarily few enemies. Perhaps he is like Borah in a capacity to keep personal and political opinion separate, and fight policies without fighting the people who support them. One reads that about Borah; that he faces a large company of political opponents who heartily disapprove of his views, but that none of them hates him. He opposes the President in most things but communes with him frequently without any embarrassment. Borah seems to be very likable. His interests seem to be intellectual rather than personal, and the same can probably be said of Colonel House.

IN a speech in the Senate on March 25, Senator Smoot said the loans that we have made to foreign countries, and that the banks are now making, cannot be paid unless something happens in the world, like the late war, which would transfer the money center of the world from the United States to some other country.

When the afternoon papers printed that with staring headlines, it looked like quite a startling opinion. It looked as if the Senator thought that even the bankers' loans to Europe were not good. But he explained next day that he did not mean that foreign investments and foreign loans were unsound, but as long as the United States continued to be the money center of the world, debts to her would increase, not diminish. So it had happened in the case of England; so it would happen to us.

No doubt he is right. The upshot of his observations is a deepening of the impression that Senator Smoot understands his business. He seemed to feel that to feed back into the business of the world the money that had accumulated here was a natural proceeding which would go on with the same sort of consequences that had resulted in the case of England.

IT seems that an important member of the Royal Society has put out the opinion that Sir Oliver Lodge, being so much addicted to Spiritualism, ought to get out of that Society. The complainant having published these views, Sir Oliver has replied that if a majority of the Royal Society invites him to resign he will resign promptly, and without any fuss.

It seems very unlikely that the Royal Society will do anything of the kind, because Sir Oliver's distinction as a physicist is very substantial, while as a man he is highly attractive in character and bearing, and one of the most notable and admired figures in England. He could vastly better afford to be turned out of the Royal Society than the Royal Society could afford to turn him out, but if it did, it would make a very interesting issue, which might be valuable to the spiritualists in advertising their ideas and beliefs, and bringing them to more definite public attention and judgment than they have yet received.

COLONEL COOLIDGE, the President's father, was a simple man who lived out of the current of great affairs in this world, but it can truthfully be said that it was an advantage to the people of the United States to have made his acquaintance, so strengthening was he in the capacity he showed to live his own life unflustered by the unexpected. Perhaps his long association with the slow-running sap of hard maples had to do with the fact, so admirable, that he never slopped over.

E. S. Martin.

"Scofflaws!"

Vincent Lopez: Your saxophone is sour.
Paul Whiteman: So's your old mandolin.

Queen Elizabeth: This castle of y
pieces.
Mary Stuart: So's your o

The Man in the Iron Mask: Your handcuffs are getting rusty.
The Count of Monte Cristo: So's your old manacle.

Secretary Kellogg: Your hair-cut is terrible.
Trotsky: So's your old manicure.

Paul Poiret: That new model of mine is a hotsy-totsy.
Herman Tappé: So's your old mannequin.

Bacon: That new play of you
Shakespeare: So's your old

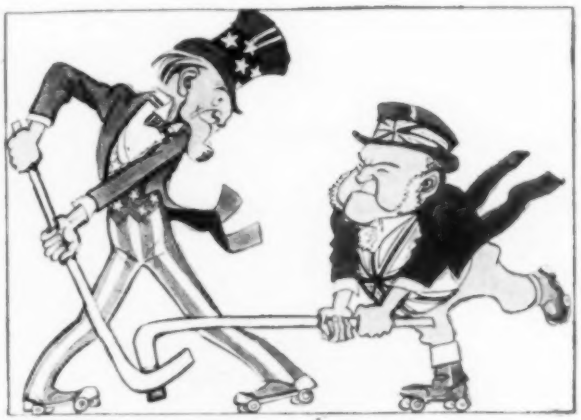
castle of yours is falling to
pieces.
So's your old manse.

Moses: The food you're serving us here ain't fit to eat.
Pharaoh: So's your old Manna.

Confucius: Your Caliph is full of banana oil.
Haroun Al Raschid: So's your old mandarin.

Foch: The Rhine is a filthy river.
Hindenburg: So's your old Marne.

play of yours is the bunk.
's your old manuscript.



Uncle Sam: Your rubber monopoly is outrageous.
John Bull: So's your old Mann Act.

tled—Once and for All

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, *readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.*

More or Less Serious

Bride of the Lamb. *Greenwich Village*—To be reviewed next week.

Craig's Wife. *Morosco*—As the season wanes this one still stands out as a high-light.

The Creaking Chair. *Lyceum*—East Indian gems and a certain amount of blood as the basis for moderate thrills.

Cyrano de Bergerac. *Hampden's*—A revival which ought to run on year in and year out.

Devils. *Maxine Elliott's*—Religious fanaticism made into a grim and vivid drama.

The Dybbuk. *Neighborhood*—Look it up in the papers and see on what evenings they are giving this remarkable performance. Some nights they do folk-dances.

Easter. *Princess*—Strindberg at his worst, which is about as bad as they come.

Glory Hallelujah. *Broadhurst*—To be reviewed later.

The Great Gatsby. *Ambassador*—James Rennie in an excellent dramatization of the Scott Fitzgerald novel.

The Great God Brown. *Garrick*—Eugene O'Neill's commentary on the dual psyche, a little jumbled but always impressive.

The Half-Caste. *National*—Reviewed in this issue.

Hush Money. *Forty-Ninth St.*—Crooks and all that sort of thing.

The Jazz Singer. *Cort*—What happens when you touch a Jewish boy's heart. George Jessel as the boy.

Kongo. *Biltmore*—To be reviewed next week.

Lulu Belle. *Belasco*—Lenore Ulric giving her best to a strong, relentless tale of Negro sin, ably assisted by Henry Hull.

The Makropoulos Secret. *Charles Hopkins*—A lady who knew how to live for three hundred years, played by Helen Menken. Not so good as it sounds.

Schweiger. *Mansfield*—Reviewed in this issue.

The Shanghai Gesture. *Martin Beck*—A trip through the more physical aspects of Chinese life, with Florence Reed contributing some startling moments.

Twelve Miles Out. *Playhouse*—At sea with a cargo of rum and women. Regular melodrama.

The Two Orphans. *Cosmopolitan*—To be reviewed next week.

The Virgin. *Central*—The primal urge in the great Outdoors.

Young Woodley. *Belmont*—Glenn Hunter in a sensitive portrayal of a youth in his first encounter with the Facts of Life.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—Will any gentleman in the audience lend us a silk hat?

Alias the Deacon. *Hudson*—The crook with the smile wins.

The Chief Thing. *Guild*—Reviewed in this issue.

Cradle Snatchers. *Music Box*—Perhaps we were just an evil-minded old thing to see anything revolting in this.

East Lynne. *Provincetown*—Kidding the old girl.

Is Zat So? *Chanin's*—Very funny tough talk.

Laff That Off. *Wallack's*—Showing that just an ordinary, everyday entertaining comedy can get away with it.

The Last of Mrs. Cheyney. *Fulton*—Ina Claire, with Roland Young and A. E. Matthews, making a nice crook comedy better.

Love 'Em and Leave 'Em. *Sam H. Harris*—Department-store clerks and their troubles made into a genuinely amusing comedy.

Not Herbert. *Klaw*—Detective comedy which has many good points.

One of the Family. *Eltinge*—Grant Mitchell in a knockabout farce depicting family troubles in Boston.

The Patsy. *Booth*—Pleasant.

Puppy Love. *Forty-Eighth St.*—Pretty thin but vigorous, with Vivian Martin to help out.

A Stranger in the House. *Henry Miller's*—To be reviewed later.

The Wisdom Tooth. *Little*—Delightful fantasy very well done.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

The Bunk of 1926. *Daly's*—A small revue with many smart features.

By the Way. *Gaiety*—Excellent British revue. Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge.

The Cocoanuts. *Lyric*—The Marx Brothers furnishing innumerable laughs.

Dearest Enemy. *Knickerbocker*—Tuneful and pretty, including Helen Ford.

The Girl Friend. *Vanderbilt*—Puck and White in a show miles above the average.

Greenwich Village Follies. *Shubert*—Should be funny enough for anybody with Florence Moore, Tom Howard, and Moran and Mack.

A Night in Paris. *Casino de Paris*—Diverting mixture of Paris and Broadway.

No, No, Nanette. *Globe*—It *must* be good.

Pinafore. *Century*—To be reviewed next week.

Rainbow Rose. *Forrest*—Nice music and a sterilized book.

Raquel Meller. *Empire*—To be reviewed later.

Song of the Flame. *Forty-Fourth St.*—Big and Slavic.

Sunny. *New Amsterdam*—Marilyn Miller in your money's worth.

Tip-Toes. *Liberty*—A good show, with Queenie Smith, Andrew Tombes and Harry Watson.

The Vagabond King. *Casino*—Singing galore.

Vanities of 1926. *Earl Carroll*—Lots of ladies, with much comedy by Joe Cook, Julius Tannen and Frank Tinney.

AS ADVERTISED

"GOSH! I THOUGHT THAT GUY WAS LYING YESTERDAY WHEN HE TOLD ME THIS VINE WAS A QUICK CREEPER."

Spring Fret

WHEN, in the first act of "The Half-Caste," kindly *Dr. Holden* confided to *Mrs. Farnham* that "after all, men are just animals," we began reaching for that old gray hat of ours. At the entrance of a native girl named *Tuana* who gave every indication of talking as every native girl has talked since Fay Bainter in "East Is West," with special emphasis on the "damns" and "hells," we put away our program and looked at the radiolite dial on our watch (one hand of which does not shine). And long before the hero had stopped kissing this child of nature we were a tiny figure in the distance, running up Forty-first Street. So we never did hear the announcement of the fact which we had suspected from the first, namely, that the hero and the half-caste were half-brother-and-sister. We saw it in the papers the next morning.

WE are getting to be an old man now and full of years, and our temper isn't what it was when Rutherford B. Hayes used to kid us. And we hereby serve notice that whenever we see that a playwright is rehashing some one else's stuff with no prospect of contributing anything of his own, up the street we go again like a startled, albeit aged, faun.

YOU can't exactly say that Franz Werfel has used any one else's stuff in "Schweiger," for it is doubtful if any one else would use it. Perhaps old Jackanapes Strindberg might have if he had been sufficiently stewed or if something upsetting had happened one day to make him wonder if, after all, all things *are* for the best; but, on the whole, Herr Werfel's material is strictly his own.

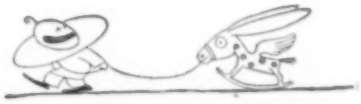
It involves a chap whose wild-oat sowing had taken the unpleasant form of killing children and it shows how a thing like that gets you in the end. *Schweiger* jumped from his window, a sheer drop of two feet to the mattress below. It was frightful.

BEN-AMI played *Schweiger* and added one more rôle to the already top-heavy list which goes to offset his work years ago in "Samson and Delilah." There doesn't seem to be any other word for it except that three-letter one beginning with "h" and ending with "m." Ann Harding doesn't have to be quite so aspirate as she was in "Stolen Fruit," but she is much too beautiful to be always so unhappy.

THE Theatre Guild's selections for this season, in retrospect, while generally satisfactory, have a peculiar amorphous quality. "The Chief Thing," their current offering, and "Goat Song," its predecessor, seem like things one remembers from a dream. The main outlines are just a bit hazy, although the general effect is there.

The general effect of "The Chief Thing" is pleasant. It is like "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" done in the Katinka supper-club. Being Russian, it has to be called "A Comedy for Some—A Drama for Others." The Muscovites are never let off anything.

The comedy, however, is not the usual stomach-rubbing, cheek-puffing fun of the Russians, although Ernest Cossart does puff quite a bit. And the drama is not the three-candle-power, monosyllabic rumination on Life and Death and Cholera which we have come to associate with the Never-Never Land east of Bucharest. "The Chief Thing" is a rather happy combination of the two, and, if you can imagine it, faintly suggests Barrie in boots and a beard. Pretty big boots and a pretty big beard, but there *is* just a touch of mellow fancy there.



McKAY MORRIS has a part which calls for his assuming every type of character except that of Indian-club swinger. It all comes under the head of "Paraklete," and if you don't know what a Paraklete is you just show yourself up as not knowing your John 15:26 very well. It is too bad that Mr. Woollcott noticed his resemblance to Foxy Grandpa, because that sort of thing would have gone much better in these columns than in the New York *World*. For those of you who do not see the *World* we will say that it was Foxy Grandpa to the life. And whether any one else said it or not, we think that Esther Mitchell was very good.

Robert Benchley.

Life and Letters

THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW deserves almost as much credit for what she has avoided doing in "Show Business" (*Knopf*) as for what she has done. The usual formula for a story of a *femme de théâtre* is the long-rising action of managers' offices, cheap boarding-houses and pawnshops and then a climax of sudden, supreme felicity whereby, because of the leading woman's death or the arrival of some Belasco or A. H. Woods at an eleventh-hour rehearsal, the heroine steps nobly into whatever breach may be, and finds herself famous in the morning papers. Throughout the rapid dénouement she luxuriates in being magnanimous towards all those who in less happy days did her dirt, as the academicians have it. Nothing like that in "Show Business," which is revelation first, and narrative second. Mrs. Winslow's *Helen Taylor* is just a good girl trying to get along, and her ascent in the theatrical chorus world is almost as painful progress as that of the gentlemen who "rise on stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things" must be. *Helen* wasn't especially clever or pulchritudinous at the start, but she knew enough to cut loose from her home town while the cutting was good —what a masterpiece of realism is that section devoted to Medina, Missouri!—and oh, how she did use her powers of observation for what she thought she might require later! And would you believe it (no, you probably won't), she finally achieves the famous "Frivolities" and a millionaire husband without once having succumbed to what the title-writers refer to as Worse than Death. *Helen* "picked up" three or four times as many men to buy her meals as the average belle sees in a lifetime, but she was smart enough to leave them without loving them. The pure in heart will unanimously acquit her on a lack of technicality.

"Show Business" is an engrossing record which I heartily recommend.

"RENDEZVOUS," by Elisabeth Finley Thomas (*Bobbs-Merrill*), is a first novel of welcome promise in that the refinements of life come into their

(*Continued on page 36*)

A VALID ALIBI

"WHAT'S YOUR MOTHER DOING, JOHNNY? I HAVEN'T SEEN HER SINCE SHE GOT BACK FROM FLORIDA."

"SHE'S BUSY TAKING THE HOTEL NAMES OUT OF THE TOWELS."

SIC TRANSIT GLORIA

"I SEE THAT RED GRANGE HAS RETURNED TO HIS HOME IN WHEATON, ILLINOIS."
"WHO?"

Polo

A Study in Origins, or Something

NOW that we are verging into the Polo Season, it is well to look into the origins and development of this magnificent sport which has already endeared itself to the hearts of the "kiddies" of our land.

Where may one go that one does not see Polo being played in every sand-lot, on every gas-house lawn, in every suburban vegetable garden? Where, indeed? Now it's your turn to ask one.

Some attribute the name of Polo to the Polo Grounds for the same reason that Buffalo is called Buffalo because there were never any buffalo there, or that sleeping cars are termed "sleeping" cars. But the better authorities (cf. Moët & Chandon, "Bulwarks of Democracy," Vol. XXII, p. 368) ascribe the cognomen to the influence on the game of its founder, Marco Polo (or Polo Marco, the ingenious *nom de théâtre* he adopted while a member of the Four Marx Brothers). At this point some reader, if any, may object that the derivation of the name makes no difference, a contention with which we heartily agree.

The chief ingredient of Polo is, or are, horses. Where would Paul Revere be to-day without a horse? Still somewhere in Charlestown trying to find the terminal of the Lexington trolleys. Where would Richard III have been? Where is he now, in fact? Never you mind.

THE ABSENT-MINDED BASEBALL UMPIRE

Next we have the chukker. Without bothering to look it up, we hazard the guess that the chukker is the fellow who tosses the ball on the field after every time any player has been carried off unconscious or dead, or both. The chukker is very, very important, because if there were no chukker the ball would never get into play, in which case there would be no players, and no Polo, either, for that matter.

Which seems to bring this article automatically to a close. *Tip Bliss.*

Delusions of Grandeur

VISITOR (*in insane asylum*): And who's that solemn-looking individual over there?

KEEPER: That's a modern lunatic. He thinks he's Mussolini.

News

"WANTED—An experienced hand twister. Steady work and good wages. Apply Hazleton Heights Silk Co."
—*Hazleton (Pa.) Plain Speaker.*

THE political campaign season is evidently getting under way.

WHY THE ARK SAILED

Mrs. Noah: THAT'S WHAT YOU GET FOR DRINKING THAT TERRIBLE BOOTLEG LIQUOR.

Noah: YES, I GUESS WE'D BETTER TAKE A SEA VOYAGE AND GO WHERE A FELLER CAN GET THE REAL STUFF.

ANOTHER one of life's little disappointments comes to the social club's popular humorist when he decides to turn professional.

What Happens

When a girl likes	*When a man likes*
TENNIS	Golf
Camels	Chesterfields
Gin	Homebrew
Dancing	Bridge
Jazz	Sweet songs
Slow driving	Reckless ditto
Discussion	Argument
Her own way	The reasonable way

THEY GET MARRIED!

Five-Dollar Football

YALE, Harvard and Princeton have advanced the price of football tickets from $3 to $5, and the effect of this, as we understand it, will be somewhat as follows:

The college world will be plunged into a football rate war in which the smaller institutions will be the inevitable losers. The smaller colleges will reap a rich harvest, since the public will virtually boycott the Big Three games. Professional football will receive a death blow, since the football-going public will not be able to support both professional and college games at $5 a throw. There will be an immediate rush to attend professional football games in preference to intercollegiate contests at the advanced figure. A staggering blow will be dealt our boasted democracy, since the colleges, instead of catering to all classes, will be playing football only for the rich. The entire nation will be greatly benefited by the spread of professional football, which will mean bringing football right to the door of the workingman, thus hastening the ultimate democratization of America. The amateur spirit, so much a part of our college life, will practically cease to exist because of the taint of commercialism implied in the desire for huge gate receipts. By putting all college sports on a self-supporting basis the amateur spirit will at last be secured from the enticements of the professional promoter. Ticket speculators, having only the rich to deal with, will thrive as never before. Ticket speculators, unable to sell the public at the advanced rate, will be practically driven out of business.

"I TOLD you I wanted twin beds in this room."

"Ye-yes, ma'am. These are Siamese-twin beds."

NEXT!

BARBER POLES HAVE CHANGED SINCE THE FEMININE INVASION OF OUR TONSORIAL PARLORS.

All America Has Taken The Incomparable Chrysler To Its Heart

The Chrysler "70" sells itself every time it exhibits its dashing appearance on road or highway. The contrast between it and other cars is so marked that the desire to own one is bred then and there.

But that desire is as nothing compared to the delight induced later on. For the Chrysler is just as far beyond comparison in other qualities as it is in looks. Just to sit in the car and look about reveals first a quality all Americans love—compactness, conservation of space, dynamic symmetry, artistry and a complete elimination of unnecessary elements.

That the American people have taken the Chrysler to their hearts is no surprise at all—it is a very natural thing.

They are almost extravagantly enthusiastic about the Chrysler because the Chrysler has shown them motoring delights beyond all comparison.

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

CHRYSLER "70"

CHRYSLER "70"—*Phaeton, $1395; Coach, $1445; Roadster, $1625; Sedan, $1695; Royal Coupe, $1795; Brougham, $1865; Royal Sedan, $1995; Crown Sedan, $2095 Disc wheels optional.*

CHRYSLER "58"—*Touring Car, $845; Roadster Special, $890; Club Coupe, $895; Coach, $935; Sedan, $995. Disc wheels optional. Hydraulic four-wheel brakes at slight extra cost.*

CHRYSLER IMPERIAL "80"—*Phaeton, $2645; Roadster (wire wheels standard equipment; wood wheels optional), $2885; Coupe, four-passenger, $3195; Sedan, five-passenger, $3395; Sedan, seven-passenger, $3595; Sedan-limousine, $3695.*

All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.

All models equipped with full balloon tires.

There are Chrysler dealers and superior Chrysler service everywhere. All dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time-payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.

All Chrysler models are protected against theft by the Fedco patented car numbering system, pioneered by and exclusive with Chrysler, which cannot be counterfeited and cannot be altered or removed without conclusive evidence of tampering.

"The Barrier"

THE day of the BIG, GRIPPING DRAMA has definitely passed, and Rex Beach's story, "The Barrier," therefore shows traces of the mold that clings so persistently to old stuff. It is one of those Alaskan tales, in which bearded men, blizzards and glaciers battle with one another for possession of a sweet, innocent and utterly incredible girl.

All the old properties are present in "The Barrier," except that the usual Royal Northwest Mounted Policeman appears, this time, as an immaculate, wasp-waisted Lieutenant of Infantry.

There are, however, a number of distinctly redeeming features: while the material of "The Barrier" is archaic, the treatment is commendably modern. For one thing, I have seldom seen more beautiful photography. The director, George Hill (who used to be a cameraman himself), has devised sea scenes, shipboard scenes, forest and mountain scenes that are models of pictorial excellence in composition and tone, and in that atmospheric rightness which is hard to label.

There are also, in "The Barrier," two vigorous, sinewy performances by Lionel Barrymore and Henry Walthall, and some true comedy by Bert Woodruff. These players achieve a semblance of reality in characters which are not legitimately real.

The love story, which obtrudes itself at regrettably frequent intervals, is indescribably sappy.

"The New Klondike"

ALTHOUGH the authorship of "The New Klondike" is credited to Ring Lardner, I doubt that the good gray poet of Niles, Michigan, actually had much of a hand in the preparation of the plot. "The New Klondike" is a composite of all the Meighan pictures —with the hero, misunderstood and unwanted, turning up at the finish with a scheme which flouts the crooks and makes every one rich (including Mr. Lardner).

The scene is Florida, and the principal character a whimsical baseball player. Otherwise, the formula is the same one that saw service in "Our Leading Citizen," "Old Home Week," "The Conquest of Canaan," "Coming Through" and many other productions.

"The New Klondike" is not startlingly original in conception but it provides pleasant entertainment. Mr. Meighan is excellent, and Paul Kelly does much with the rôle of a Lardnerian rookie.

"Behind the Front"

MY friends and acquaintances have been bothering me greatly of late with the question, "How did you like 'Behind the Front'?" I have been compelled to admit that I was ill with bituminous catarrh the week "Behind the Front" was first shown in New York, and have been unable to catch up with it since then.

I have heard endless accounts of it, however; every gag that is perpetrated by Wallace Beery or Raymond Hatton has been described to me in the minutest detail. One of these days I shall discover the picture itself, in the Bon Ton Picture Palace on Avenue A, and look it over.

It must be good.

R. E. Sherwood.

Recent Developments

The Untamed Lady. Gloria Swanson as a modern shrew.

The Bat. A few thrills and quite a number of laughs—but not up to the play.

Fascinating Youth. The young students of the Paramount School dance the Charleston for seven reels.

The First Year. Matt Moore and Kathryn Perry crossing the preliminary hurdles of marriage.

Miss Brewster's Millions. The story of a young lady who just couldn't get rid of her money, with Bebe Daniels doing the spending.

The Cave Man. A fast and amusing farce, directed by Lewis Milestone.

Irene. Colleen Moore as a mannequin, with a fashion show in color.

The Torrent. A tale of Spanish love which serves to introduce Greta Garbo.

La Bohème. Lillian Gish, John Gilbert and King Vidor all doing the wrong thing.

Mare Nostrum. Rex Ingram's beautiful production of Ibáñez's dull novel.

Dancing Mothers. Just about what you'd expect.

Three Faces East. Effective spy melodrama harking back to the "great" (as it is sometimes called) war.

What Happened to Jones. Reginald Denny in all sorts of farcical complications.

The Grand Duchess and the Waiter. Another flip comedy in the Lubitsch manner, with Florence Vidor and Adolphe Menjou.

Partners Again. The feeblest effort of Potash and Perlmutter.

The Song and Dance Man. Utterly innocuous.

Oh, What a Nurse! Syd Chaplin in various antics.

Memory Lane. William Haines and others in a small-town version of "The Phantom Rival." Very nice, too.

The Black Bird. A trip through Limehouse with Lon Chaney.

Mannequin. Fannie's worst play.

Hands Up. Raymond Griffith in an extremely adroit comedy of the Civil War.

The Vanishing American. Beautiful and impressive but tainted with the old ham.

Ben-Hur. The sweetest love story ever told—and just about the most expensive.

The Black Pirate, Moana, The Merry Widow, Stella Dallas, Lady Windermere's Fan and **The Big Parade**—this "must" list is growing bigger.

It's Everywhere!

It's At Your Country Club!

The perfect refreshment after those long, exasperating eighteen holes.

It's truly the sensation of Ginger Ales—a bland yet provoking mixture of sunshine and golden bubbles—satisfying, refreshing and exhilarating.

Serve it in your home. The proof of its aristocratic goodness is in its making and its taste—made of the famous White Rock Mineral Water.

Bottled only at

The White Rock Spring

Waukesha, Wisconsin

AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

Birth Before Sex

"What a pretty child!" exclaimed the stranger as she stopped before a perambulator on the path of a private park. "Is it a girl?" she asked the governess.

"No," the latter replied, with a slight touch of iciness. "It's a duke."

—*New York World.*

Emulating M. Briand

"Remember," said the Frenchman to his young son, "every little boy in France has a chance to grow up and some day become Premier nine times."

—*Detroit News.*

"A concert by this enthusiastic little band of amateurs is to be."—*Local paper.*

WHAT is to be will be, we fear.

—*Humorist (London).*

SMALL BOY (*seeing revolving door for the first time*): But, Mother, where are the ponies?—*Toronto Telegram.*

BACK TO THE WARPATH

"O GROWLING BEAR! THE BLACKFEET WANT TO SMOKE THE PIPE OF PEACE WITH YOU."

"O SNEEZING FLY! AT THE PRESENT PRICE OF TOBACCO I PREFER CONTINUING THE WAR."

—*Le Monde Colonial (Paris).*

A Run for His Money

Felix Isman tells an amusing story of the psychology of gamblers. Two men went to a gambling house and played for some hours. When they left, one berated the other: "Why didn't you do as I told you? You wouldn't have lost."

"But," said the other, "you lost just as much as I did."

"Yes, I did, but mine lasted longer than yours."—*Outlook.*

Another Domestic Tragedy

"My husband was furious yesterday. He found a love letter addressed to me."

"Had you opened it?"

"No—that's just it; he wrote it himself once."—*Kasper (Stockholm).*

Largesse

GOLF WIDOW (*reading the paper to her little daughter*): There's a picture of Mr. Rockefeller. He gives away a dime every time he makes a hole in one.

—*Kansas City Star.*

"SHE said I was a heart breaker!"

"But she didn't mean it, dear!"

"I know it; that's what makes me so angry!"—*Collier's.*

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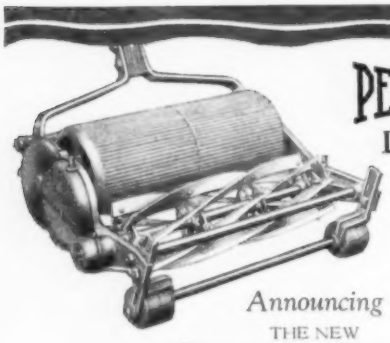

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Quality
LAWN MOWERS

Announcing
THE NEW
PENNSYLVANIA
ROLLER MOWER
For Golf Greens and Tennis Courts

AFTER two years' experimental work we can now offer to country clubs the new PENNSYLVANIA Super Roller Mower—the last word in lawn mower construction. It is light running, easy to push and cuts absolutely without ridging the greens.

The PENNSYLVANIA Super Roller Mower has seven crucible steel blades in a high-speed cylinder, aluminum driving drums and train of cut gears running in a grease-tight case. Intermediate gear on roller-bearings. Drums, cylinder and front castor wheels on ball bearings. Alemite system of lubrication.

One size only, 18-inch cut. Weight, only 55 lbs.
Price, $50 at Philadelphia.

PENNSYLVANIA LAWN MOWER WORKS
1625 North 23rd Street, Philadelphia

"HEY, JIM! DON'T LOOK LIKE OUR PARACHUTES WAS GOIN' TO OPEN!"

"YOU'RE ALWAYS IN SUCH A HURRY."

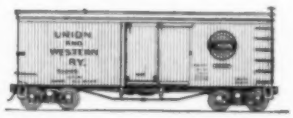
To Crate Users
Weyerhaeuser now introduces *"Cut to Size" Crating Lumber*

ON top of the savings they have already effected for the industrial men of America, Weyerhaeuser now comes forward with a still further contribution toward economies in crating and transportation costs.

Briefly, it is this:—

To the manufacturer who has standardized, or who can standardize, his crates, Weyerhaeuser is prepared to furnish Crating Lumber *Cut to Size.*

This Weyerhaeuser *Cut to Size* Crating Lumber is of standard kind and grade as specified for the individual crates. It is cut to the required length, width and thickness for each individual crate and is shipped in bundles ready to assemble.



A Carload of Lumber is about 25,000 Board Feet. Buy your Crating Lumber from Weyerhaeuser *Cut to Size.*
All good crating pieces.
No waste.
No dead freight loss.
No labor cost for cutting up in your shipping room.

Weyerhaeuser *Cut to Size* Crating Lumber is prepared only at the Weyerhaeuser Mills. It can be supplied only in carload lots. And each car contains all the pieces needed to make a specified number of standard crates.

There will always be some manufacturers and shippers who will find it necessary to buy their crating lumber in bulk and do the cutting up in their own establishments, and to these Weyerhaeuser offers a dependable supply of *ideal, light weight* woods in grades best suited to their purpose.

But the man who can and will follow the Weyerhaeuser Crating Service every step of the way, including this new *Cut to Size* offering — may expect *Eight Specific Savings* (and maybe Nine) as enumerated in the right hand column.

It is worth thinking about. We invite your correspondence.

Savings

Saving No. 1
No freight on waste. You pay freight only on the finished pieces, the waste that develops in the cutting up process is disposed of at the source.

Saving No. 2
Lower lumber costs per crate. Weyerhaeuser *Cut to Size* Crating Lumber is cut at Weyerhaeuser owned mills. Therefore, a Weyerhaeuser *Cut to Size* Crate is strictly a "one profit" crate.

Saving No. 3
Lower labor cost per crate. Weyerhaeuser *Cut to Size* Crating lumber is worked up by men who specialize in doing this one thing for hundreds of customers. In most cases, therefore, they can do it better and cheaper than the individual customer can do it for himself.

Saving No. 4
Lower overhead cost because it cuts the "no profit" operations of a shipping room to a minimum. It releases valuable space for *profit making.*

Saving No. 5
Less weight per crate. Weyerhaeuser crating lumber is ideal for crating purposes—strong, easy-working, non-splitting but also *light in weight* and that saves freight cost on your shipments.

Saving No. 6
Less lumber per crate. Weyerhaeuser Crating Engineers know how to build *efficient* crates with a *minimum of lumber*—often 10% to 30% *less lumber* than many shippers formerly used. And that saves again on shipping weight.

Saving No. 7
Fewer adjustments and claims for damaged shipments, because a Weyerhaeuser designed crate is not only stronger but specifically better protection for the merchandise packed in it.

Saving No. 8
The good will value of an efficient, good appearing package.

Saving No. 9
Many times, a Weyerhaeuser designed crate has given the shipper the advantage of a more favorable freight classification and that means a lower freight rate.

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Producers for industry of pattern and flask lumber, factory grades for remanufacturing, lumber for boxing and crating, structural timbers for industrial building. And each of these items in the species and type of wood best suited for the purpose.

Also producers of Idaho Red Cedar poles for telephone and electric transmission lines.

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Gastrogen Tablets never stop digestion by going too far!

GASTROGEN Tablets are free from the one great objection which can be urged against so many digestive remedies.

They very promptly relieve indigestion, "heartburn" and gas. They correct acidity, but there they stop. They do not interfere with the normal, healthy process of digestion itself.

There they differ radically from bicarbonate of soda and preparations containing it. For with alkalies of this class, your stomach is often burdened with an alkaline residue which prevents it from digesting your food.

Gastrogen Tablets work in a different way!

The peculiar virtue of Gastrogen Tablets is that once hyper-acidity is overcome, once the distress is gone, the stomach remains "in neutral." Nature quickly restores the correct amount of mild acidity (1-5 of one per cent) and any amount of Gastrogen remaining rests inert and passes through the system unchanged.

Your indigestion vanishes quickly, your "heartburn" and distress is rapidly overcome, and your stomach goes on in its normal work of digesting food without interference.

Gastrogen Tablets are pleasant and harmless

Gastrogen Tablets are mild, safe and effective. They combat digestive disturbances without retarding digestion. They are pleasant to taste. They purify the breath and they are very prompt in the relief they give.

Your druggist has them in handy pocket-tins of 15 tablets for 20c; also in cabinet-size bottles of 60 tablets for 60c. If you want to try them before you buy them, send the coupon for free introductory packet of 6 tablets.

GASTROGEN *Tablets*

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42 Rector Street, New York City

Without charge or obligation on my part, send me your special introductory packet of 6 Gastrogen Tablets.

Name _____

Address _____

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES

A Love Lyric

I'm sadder than the willow
  That loiters by the bank,
I'm sadder than the billow—
  So uniformly dank;
I'm sadder than the deep blue sea,
  I'm sadder than the sky.
Who seeks to cure my misery
  Is not advised to try.

I'm not going to have my hair cut,
  I'm not going to wash my face,
I'm not going to clean my teeth or shave,
  Nor fasten up my lace;
    For by the stars above me
    My love no longer loves me,
She is the only cause of my
  Tonsorial disgrace.

I'll flee the sight and sound of men,
  I'll not go out to dine,
I'll be a lion in a den
  Of quite the latest line.
I'll not respect a hoary pate,
  I'll never whistle tunes,
But I will sit and emulate
  The habits of baboons.

I'm not going to have my boots brushed,
  I'm not going to cut my nails,
I'm not going to use a knife or fork,
  But live on salt sea snails;
    For by the stars above me
    My love no longer loves me,
So I will go and fill with tears
  Two large enamelled pails.
  —H. G. G. H., in Cambridge Granta.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

The Formal Touch

In the course of the night the police had brought in two noisy gentlemen in evening dress, and had lodged them in the proper reception room. Shortly afterwards an equally convivial vagabond was brought in. Glancing at the occupants of the cell, he exclaimed:

"I understand itsh a m-matter of import'nce, but how could I know it w-wash goin' t' be a full-dress affair?"

—Kasper (Stockholm).

Nothing better for sluggish appetite than Abbott's Bitters. Sample by mail, 25 cts. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

They're Off!

A very nervous man was motoring with a friend. They were going at a great speed, and the friend said cheerfully:

"Just fancy! If we bang into anything we shall be nowhere before we know where we are."

"Or not even that," murmured the nervous man, in a quavering voice.

—London Daily Express.

MISTRESS: Mary, you've left finger prints on every plate.

MARY: Well, it shows I ain't got a guilty conscience.

—Weekly Telegraph (London).

Leather face or baby face

Spreading the gospel of the Mennen Shave naturally makes me notice faces a whole lot.

I've been handed the keys of the city by men with faces as tender-skinned as a baby's and others with faces that looked like a Sunday roast-of-beef on Wednesday.

And they all swear by Mennen Shaving Cream.

Take Mennen Shaving Cream first. Never mind the adjectives. Here's a lather that can reduce *anybody's* whiskers—I don't care how horny and wiry they are—to absolute and complete limpness. It's a process—Dermutation—that Mennen discovered and no competitor has ever got the hang of.

If you're one of those 3-brush-dabs and 7-second-razor artists, it gives you a *shave*—a close shave—better than you've ever had before. A shave that stays all day.

And if you've got a tender, shave-every-other-day skin, your razor goes through literally without any pull or scrapy feeling. A clean, smooth de-bearding *every* day.

Next, there isn't any sort of a face that isn't better off for a little squeeze of Mennen Skin Balm rubbed over the shaved area. It comes in tubes and gives a wholly delightful, cooling sensation—tingling, refreshing. It tones up the tissue—soothes any possible irritation. It's greaseless—absorbed in half a minute—and as sensible as putting on a clean collar to go and see your best girl.

Same way with Mennen Talcum for Men. Made so it won't show on your face. Drys the skin thoroughly. Antiseptic. Leaves a gorgeous silk-like film that protects against wind, rain, sun or a scraggly collar.

In other words, the Mennen Complete Shave is great stuff for he-men who have discovered that there's a lot of virtue in being comfortable—to say nothing of being really well-groomed.

Step into your corner drugstore today and get the makings. It's a good habit to get habituated to.

Jim Henry
(Movie Salesman)

MENNEN
SHAVING CREAM

Elementary Journalism

("Following the example of many other leading colleges, Rutgers has inaugurated a course in journalism."—*News item.*)

First Semester

PRELIMINARY CROSS MARKING—3 hours weekly.

a) Street diagrams showing where body was found.
b) Love Nest interiors, showing where body was found.
c) Elevators and airshafts, showing course taken by body to where it was found.
d) Love Nest exteriors, showing where body was found.
e) Route of Death Car, showing where joy riders' bodies were found.

ELEMENTARY ANATOMY AND PHOTOGRAPHY—5 hours weekly.

a) The female ankle, calf and knee:
1. On rail of liner.
2. On couch.
3. On chair.
4. In miscellaneous poses.

b) Bathing scenes:
1. Winter, Florida.
2. Summer, Anywhere.

c) Theatrical:
1. Dancers wearing tights.
2. Dancers not wearing tights.

d) Physical Culture:
1. Females in gym suits.
2. Females not in gym suits.

PRIMARY CAPTION WRITING—4 hours weekly.

a) Victims of Love Pacts.
b) Crushed Butterflies Seeking Balm.
c) All Angles of Triangles.
d) Spurned Maids Who Fired Fatal Shots.
e) Staid Bankers' Hidden Love Nests.
f) Girls Fleeing Lives of Shame.
g) Co-respondents Who Tell All.
h) Others Who Tell All.

ENGLISH LITERATURE—30 minutes weekly.

a) Elinor Glyn's "Three Weeks."

BIOGRAPHY—1 hour weekly.

a) Memoirs of Fanny Hill.

HISTORY—1 hour weekly.

a) Famous Love Affairs.

James Kevin McGuinness.

Dreams

PROVING that Materialism is not everything in politics and that Idealism is far from dead comes the news that the Republicans think they have an "excellent chance" to carry Texas, while the Democrats are to put up a "hard fight" for Maine.

"HM!" assured the young aviator as he began his first job of sky-writing for Clean Cut Cubebs, Inc. "Just you watch my smoke!"

PURE FRUIT JUICE *from* FRESH GRAPES

Great Food Experts say: "*The health-building values of fresh fruit are in each glass.*"

EVERY DAY *for* BREAKFAST

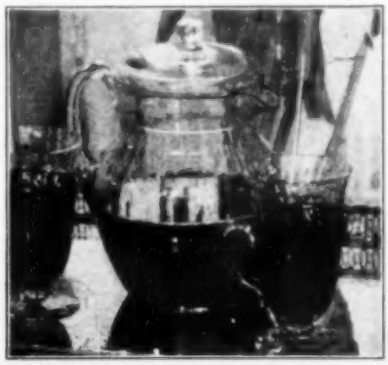
At America's Finest Hotels

ALL over the country, the best hotels serve Welch's Grape Juice every morning for the breakfast fruit juice course.

Because it is so perfect for breakfast—this pure juice of fresh ripe grapes.

Supremely delicious, every sip of it. And healthful, too—America's greatest food authorities tell us—with all the invigorating qualities of the ripe fresh fruit.

And everywhere one goes in discriminating homes and in the finest clubs one finds these refreshing fruit juice drinks—Welch's, sometimes just chilled with crushed ice; sometimes blended with ginger ale, with other pure fruit juices, or with sparkling water. So delicious and so healthful, you'll want Welch's at some time every day.



A favorite drink is Welch's with ginger ale

Among the fine hotels that serve Welch's Grape Juice every morning for breakfast are:

The PLAZA	*New York City*
The WALDORF-ASTORIA	*New York City*
The BLACKSTONE	*Chicago*
The BOOK-CADILLAC	*Detroit*
The PALACE HOTEL	*San Francisco*
LOS ANGELES BILTMORE	*Los Angeles*
MARYLAND HOTEL	*Pasadena*
The MAYFLOWER	*Washington, D. C.*
The ST. CHARLES	*New Orleans*
The OLYMPIC	*Seattle*
GREAT SOUTHERN HOTEL	*Hollywood, Fla.*
FLAMINGO HOTEL	*Miami Beach, Fla.*
ROYAL DANELI HOTEL	*Palm Beach, Fla.*

Welch's may be had from your grocer, druggist or confectioner; at clubs or at the fountain. Soda fountains serve it straight or with sparkling water. Ask for Welch's today.

The season's new fruit juice drinks are described in our booklet *The Vital Place of Appetite in Diet.* Let us send you a copy—free. The Welch Grape Juice Co., Dept. L-21, Westfield, N. Y. Makers of Welch's Grape Juice, Grapelade, Preserves and other Quality Products. Canadian plant, St. Catharines, Ontario.

Diogenes has a new Job!

Take a last look at his whiskers.

AT last, after searching the earth for centuries, Diogenes found his honest man making the famous Durham-Duplex Blades. But then he was out of a job. So we asked him to take his lantern and look for men who want an Honest Shave.

And now the old philosopher is forming an organization called the Diogenes Club composed of more than 13,000,000 men who enjoy an honest shave with the Blades Men Swear By — Not At.

Diogenes is offering you membership in his club for only a quarter. Join now and receive your credentials consisting of a handsome Durham-Duplex Razor — the same razor that is packed in the $1.50 sets — and one Durham-Duplex Blade.

Be honest with your shaving career and join the Diogenes Club at your dealers or send the coupon today.

NEW DURHAM-DUPLEX SETS

Including two 50¢ packages of 5 Durham-Duplex Blades—$1.50

Interchangeable Blades—50c for package of 5

JOIN THE DIOGENES CLUB FOR

25¢

Durham Duplex Razor Co., Jersey City, N. J. (Address for Canada: 50 Pearl St., Toronto, Can.) I enclose 25c for razor and blade. Check type preferred. LF4

Name .....

Address .....

Town or City and State.....

I prefer Long Handle Type.....Safety type.....

DURHAM-DUPLEX

The Blades Men Swear By-not At

DURHAM-DUPLEX RAZOR CO., Jersey City, N. J.
Factories: Jersey City; Sheffield, Eng.; Paris, France; Toronto, Can. *Sales Representatives in All Countries.*

Editorials

The New City Hall

PLANS are afoot...bonds...shame...civic glory...practical necessity demands...it has been pointed out...a worthy project...it is hoped...municipal pride...and so...antiquated structure...pinchpenny economy...municipal progress...neighboring cities...let's go!

The Turk

Moslem...fiercely nationalistic...Christianity...Europe's cesspool...blood...atrocities...backward peoples...religious fanaticism...gore-smeared history...duties and obligations...sisterhood of nations...cold steel.

President Coolidge

Americans rejoice...New England thrift...silent man...unyielding...human...action, not bluster...critics confounded...astute politician...courage...police strike...treasury...taxes...demagogues...nostrums...rock-ribbed Vermont.

A Good Citizen Passes

A terrible blow...humble beginning...business and civic leader...inherent honesty...never self-assertive...sturdy stock...beloved by all...the Father calleth...others carry banner of service.

The Political Clown

The wily Mr....flopping...public questions...concessions to popular will...sidestepping responsibility...straddler...assaults the windmills...overwhelming majority...reactionary...no capacity for leadership...political quack.

America Leads

Imports...exports...record...production...increased consumption...protecting the consumer...avoid hiking...industry sound...world leadership...less fortunate nations...the flag...raw material...development...danger in legislation...beware of agitators.

Mr. Mencken Again

Everything wrong...pro-German...Nietzsche...criticism within limits of decency...Constitution...Rotary...old-fashioned Christians...back to Germany...beer guzzling...Theodore Dreiser...Cabell...sex...Booboisie...Harold Bell Wright...American Legion...rantings...sturdy pioneers...Mayflower...the President...our sacred institutions. *Gerald Cosgrove.*

One Thing More

IT strikes us as just perfectly wonderful the way leaders of both political parties are getting together in support of the Hughes Commission report. And the only thing to make it even more wonderful would be to have somebody tell us what the Hughes Commission report is about.

Write rings around the other fellow—be the handy man with the pencil.

Get your thoughts down for other men to see—and to act upon.

Be the ready one who in the pinch says, "Do it thus and so."

PUT IT ON PAPER!

Success waits on the man who keeps in line with his thinking that first friend of an active brain,

EVERSHARP

the name is on the pencil

© 1926, The Wahl Company, Chicago
Canadian Factory, Toronto

Brown's Farewell

"THEY also swerve who only stand and wait," said Brown as he flung himself back onto the curb and escaped a flying taxicab.

That was Brown. No matter in what circumstances he found himself he threw off, as sparks from a grinder's wheel, a series of bright, glittering remarks. As a lip-stick is to a flapper so was the *bon mot* to him. To have people say, "Have you heard George Brown's latest?" was, for Brown, the most that life had to offer.

Now there grew up in his mind a desire to take leave of this existence with a remark that would forever keep his memory in men's minds.

To hear "the wind of death's imperishable wing"—to know that the hours had become minutes and the minutes seconds—that this, in truth, was the end, and then to smile faintly and say the Line—that, Brown thought, cleared up everything this side of Paradise. To send his soul winging on its way in the bright glory of the shining Last Words would, as he quaintly phrased it, be "considerable exit."

As you can understand, it was no cinch to get a line like that. Try it and see.

Brown tried out a good many but they all seemed to lack that cosmic quality that makes for permanence.

At last he decided upon the following:

"Good-by, I hope they laugh in Heaven."

That appeared to him to embody, along with the final wave of the hand, the implication that, should there be no wits in the hereafter, it would not be the sort of ultimate destination he would choose.

Well, the chance to send his name ringing down the ages, as the phrase goes, came rather sooner than he had expected.

He regained consciousness one day and found himself in bed in the chaste and anti-septic atmosphere of a hospital where he had been fetched after a taxicab had cut off his remark about "they also swerve," etc. He hadn't swerved in time.

Pickens and Rumsey and old Lampson were standing over him.

A great wave of weakness and ebbing vitality swept over him, leaving him inert and helpless. There was no doubt about it—this was the end.

Summoning all his strength he smiled wanly at the little group and, as the blackness descended upon him, he said, "Good-by. I hope to Heaven they laugh."

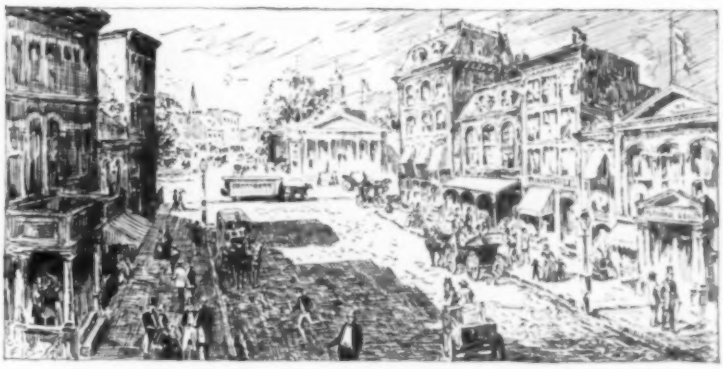
He had, in theatrical parlance, "gone up in his lines."

Suddenly realizing what he had done, he groaned and, turning over, buried his face in his pillow.

Death could not come too fast. As a matter of fact, it didn't come at all.

Two weeks later he was about again, but the old snap—the quick up-take was gone from Brown's life forever.

Rollin Kirby.



The Telephone and Better Living

PICTURES of pre-telephonic times seem quaint today. In the streets were horses and mud-splashed buggies, but no automobiles and no smooth pavements.

Fifty years ago homes were heated by stoves and lighted by gas or kerosene lamps. There was no domestic steam heating or electric lighting, nor were there electric motors in the home. Not only were there no telephones, but there were no phonographs, no radio and no motion pictures.

The telephone permitted the separation of business office from factory and made possible the effective co-ordination of widespread activities by a centralized organization. It changed the business habits of the Nation.

The amazing growth of the country in the past fifty years could not have come had not science and invention supplied the farmer, manufacturer, business man and family with many new inventions, great and small, for saving time and labor. During this period of marvelous industrial progress, the telephone had its part. It has established its own usefulness and greatly accelerated the development of the industrial arts which have contributed so much to better living conditions and to the advancement of civilization.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

BELL SYSTEM

IN ITS SEMI-CENTENNIAL YEAR THE BELL SYSTEM LOOKS FORWARD TO CONTINUED PROGRESS IN TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION

ELLA (*aged six*): Auntie, were you ever in a predicament?

MAIDEN AUNT: No, dear, but Heaven knows I've tried!

After Reading Some Modern Biographies

LIVES of great men oft remind us
We should make our lives obscure
Lest we, dying, leave behind us
Psychographic literature.

Tom De Plume.

THE medical examiner at Sing Sing reports that 777 inmates were teetotalers, while 440 admitted being fond of alcohol. So they've discovered that mythical dry majority at last!

As *it should be*

SINCE its extra cost, when spread over its billions of output, figures to but three cents per package of twenty, it is quite fair to say that Fatima, in between 'costly' and 'popular' in price, is decidedly more popular than costly

FATIMA

"What a whale of a difference just a few cents make"

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

STOPS

AIR SICKNESS

—nausea, dizziness and faintness caused by all forms of Travel Motion. Sea, Train, Auto, Car or Air Travel Sickness yields promptly to Mothersill's. 36

75c. & $1.50 at Drug Stores or direct

The Mothersill Remedy Co., Ltd.

New York Montreal
Paris London

MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY

25 Years In Use

INSIST UPON
KEMP'S BALSAM
FOR THAT COUGH!

From a Clear Sky

A FEW weeks ago, during a period of unusual shooting stars, a farmer in Surrey, England, was ploughing in his field, when an object came hurtling out of space to plunge from sight in the ground near at hand.

With great presence of mind, and in loyalty to the Crown, the farmer hurried to a telephone to ask Scotland Yard if the Prince of Wales was missing.

W. H. S.

How Like a Man!

HE had taken her About Everywhere in their first month of acquaintance.

On the way home one night he gently put his arm over the back of the seat.

"Goodness!" exclaimed the Dear Thing. "Don't you men ever think of Anything Else?"

Life and Letters

(*Continued from page* 24)

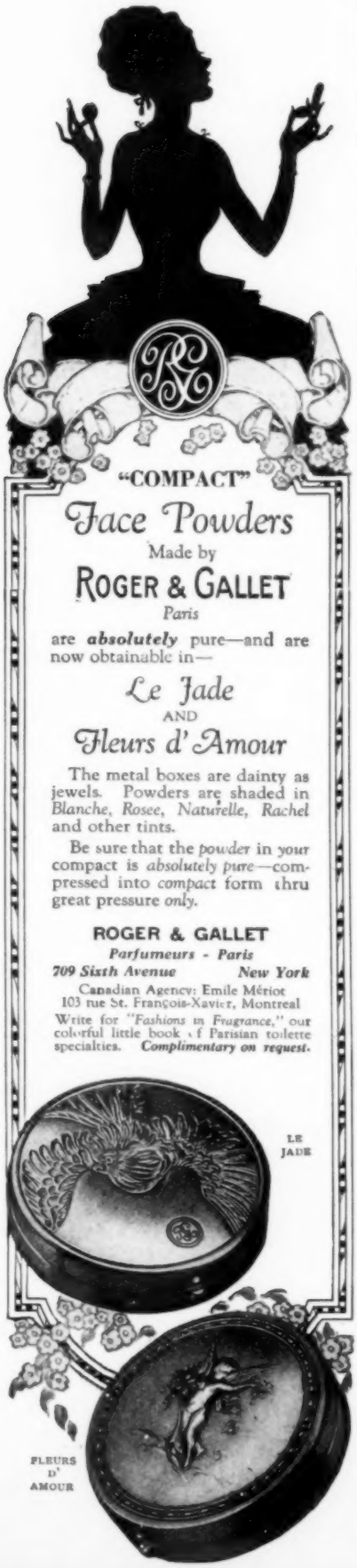
own as material for copy through being presented by somebody who writes as one having authority, and not as the professional scribes. It is Mrs. Thomas's conviction that dwelling-places have an inanimate influence on the souls of their occupants, and the triple background against which *Evelyn Carrington's* story is unfolded is therefore done with unusual sympathy. Her grandmother's old house in New Haven is the House of Affections; the magnificent Villa Saïd in Paris, where lived the bad but beautiful *Aunt Lily*, who almost ran away with the story, is the House of Passions; the Washington Square mansion to which *Effie* was taken as a bride is the House of Love. The Paris part is perfect in detail and atmosphere, and the burning of the Paris Opera House stands out graphically from a number of well-chosen scenes and episodes.

Evelyn Carrington's story is that of a woman who did the best she could according to her light and who, because the beacons of those about her were more dim and flaring, was forced to accept integrity of spirit as its own reward. But her life was lived in the *mises en scène* about which we all like to read, and Mrs. Thomas has done them with feeling and imagination, those two qualities which are becoming increasingly rare in our fiction.

"THAT FOOL OF A WOMAN," by Millicent Sutherland (*Putnam*), is a book which derives its excellent title from the first and longest of the five sophisticated stories which it contains. The four last yarns are sketchy, readable things in the modern manner which need not be gone into here. But the foolish heroine of the leading story deserves special mention as a world-beater in having a fine eye for cads. I don't know which was worse, the terrible *Freddie* whom she insisted on changing from a passable lover into an intolerable husband, or the subsequent *Wentworth* who talked to her disrespectfully and had a flair for pretty young men. At any rate, they both came to the same good end, after she had said farewell forever and handed over a few securities. The last time she saw *Freddie*, he was carrying a gold plate and stave in a Roman Catholic procession, and she encountered *Wentworth* by chance when he was taking a solemn and serious part in an Italian *festa*.

The only moral I could unearth from this tale of the feckless *Chloe* is that if you are going to be a bad picker, it's a good idea to be solvent at several banks.

Baird Leonard.



Rhymed Reviews

No More Parades

By Ford Madox Ford. Albert & Charles Boni

THE tale commences well enough
Among battalions getting ready,
With German airplanes acting rough
And Captain Tietjens holding steady.

An able officer, indeed,
This strong and stubborn heir of Groby,
But with his abnegating creed
His name is mud—at least, adobe.

His wife was Sylvia; what was she
That all her swains kept flocking round her?
As false a mate as well could be;
A mean, malicious witch he found her.

Her rightful name would seem too rude
For even modern conversation;
Her flights of moral turpitude
Would bar her out from any nation.

Yes, long before he went to France
He might have cast her off,—who wouldn't?
But since by some unlikely chance
Her child perhaps was his, he couldn't.

She spent his means, maligned his name
And played the vilest tricks and oddest;
I cannot well describe the same,
For prose is coarse, but verse is modest.

And still he'll let her have her fling;
He'll throw himself away, poor duffer,
And leave the wicked everything
And nobly let the righteous suffer.

For soulful readers hold it sense
And lofty writers deem it proper
To interfere with Providence
And let no villain come a cropper.

Arthur Guiterman.

In the Yards

JIM McGUIRE and Tim Maroney, laborers about the railroad roundhouse, told Engineer Morton, who was in a hurry to get off duty, that they would put his locomotive into its stall. McGuire took the throttle and Maroney stood at the roundhouse doors; McGuire became excited, and, after getting the mammoth engine under cover, threw the reverse lever. In a cloud of steam the locomotive shot back into the freight-yard switch, knocking two box-cars off a siding.

"You're a heluva engineer!" shouted Maroney above the din.

"And you're not much help yourself," yelled McGuire from the partially wrecked locomotive cab. "Why in the divvil didn't you shut the door when I had it in there?"

FREE—10-Day Tube

Mail the Coupon

No "off-color" teeth

—no toneless gums

when that dingy film is removed

Accept this remarkable dental test. You'll gain the dazzling white teeth and coral-like gums that make smiles *attractive and inviting.*

MODERN dental science has made important, recent discoveries in lightening cloudy teeth.

Run your tongue across your teeth, and you will feel a film, a viscous coat that covers them.

That film is an enemy to your teeth—and your gums. You must remove it. It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It absorbs discolorations, gives teeth a cloudy, "off-color" look.

Germs by the millions breed in it and lay your teeth open to decay. And they, with tartar, are a chief cause of pyorrhea and gum disorders.

Tooth troubles and gum troubles now are largely traced to that film.

New methods remove it, and Firm the Gums

Now, in a new-type dentifrice called Pepsodent, dental science has discovered effective combatants. Their action is to curdle the film and remove it, then to firm the gums.

* * *

A few days' use will prove its power beyond all doubt. *Mail the coupon. A ten-day tube will be sent you free.*

FREE Pepsodent REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Mail Coupon for 10-Day Tube to

The New-Day Quality Dentifrice
Endorsed by World's Dental Authorities

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 285, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name.....

Address.....

Only one tube to a family. 2159

EDINBURGH CASTLE

Edina! Scotia's darling seat!
All hail thy palaces and towers,
Where once beneath a Monarch's feet
Sat Legislative sovereign powers
— BURNS

See
SCOTLAND
The Land of Romance
History ~ Golf

SAIL via *GLASGOW* when you make your European trip this year. See with your own eyes the Scotland of Robert Burns, Sir Walter Scott and of Wallace; gaze on the very scenes that inspired them to immortal words and deeds. Get to know those historic highlands and lowlands, crystal lochs and waterfalls, age-old castles and the modern bustling cities of the Scotland of today—a most delightful, endless panorama. Quaint inns, comfortable hotels—plus a host who puts his personality into the service of his house.

To travel to or from Scotland, choose one of the magnificent new ANCHOR Liners, CALEDONIA, TRANSYLVANIA, CALIFORNIA, TUSCANIA,—second to none in luxurious comfort, appointments and service.

Full information and literature on request

ANCHOR LINE
25 Broadway New York
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ST ANDREWS .. AYR .. TROON .. PRESTWICK .. TURNBERRY .. GLENEAGLES .. NORTH BERWICK .. CARNOUSTIE

To the Lions!

SUBSCRIBING heartily to Signor Mussolini's program for restoring the grandeur that was Rome, we take pleasure in announcing that the first American delegation of Voluntary Early Christian Martyrs to participate in the Coliseum sports will be headed by the Rev. John Roach Straton.

Lie

ONCE there was an editor who sent out a rejection slip reading: "This stuff is terrible. Please lay off us in the future."

Daughter Goose Rhymes

ONE, two,
What to do?

Three, four,
Lock the door;

Five, six,
Let me mix;

Seven, eight,
Mine is straight;

Nine, ten,
Say when!

W. G. H.

A Victorian Primer

Easy Lessons in What the Weasel's Waistcoat Was When Grandma Was a Girl

Lesson 1—The Home

GOOD heavens, what is that?

Hush, child, that is a lam-bre-quin. It is ver-y nif-ty. See how the tas-sels set off the man-tel-piece.

Does it stay there per-ma-nent-ly? Or have we walk-ed in on a bad day?

No, sil-ly. It goes with the rest of the toot en-sem-ble. Look about you.

I hate to do it. What is that hand em-broid-er-ed doi-ly do-ing on the back of that black wal-nut chair?

That is an an-ti-ma-cas-sar. It keeps off the hair-oil from the red plush.

How hor-ri-bly vul-gar!

Non-sense. We are in a re-fined home. See the what-not and the conch shell by the fire-place.

Oh, thank you, I had ra-ther not. What is the dis-mal pic-ture in the black and gold frame?

It is a ver-y choice steel en-grav-ing call-ed "Her-od Slaugh-ter-ing the In-no-cents." O-ver there you will find "The Death of Mar-y Stu-art." Behind your head is "The Starv-ing Or-phans." That oth-er thing is a cray-on portrait.

Too bad! I am so sor-ry. Oh, hor-rors, what are those fright-ful things un-der the glass case?

Child, I am sur-pris-ed at you. Those are wax flow-ers.

Lesson 2—A Wild Evening

What do you see through the win-dow?

How nice! I see a la-dy and a gent. The gent is all o-ver fur.

No, no. He is a cul-ti-va-tor of per-son-al spin-ach. He is wear-ing side-burns, or Pic-ca-dil-ly Weep-ers.

Look! Look! What is he read-ing? He is all of a flut-ter. It must be Cap-tain Bil-ly's Whiz-Bang, or the lat-est is-sue of Snap-py Sto-ries.

No, he is read-ing Go-dey's La-dy's Book, but it gives him just as big a thrill.

Oh, good-ness, what is the la-dy do-ing?

She is paint-ing china.

Does this con-sti-tute a heav-y eve-ning for the la-dy and gent?

Not at all. Pret-ty soon they are go-ing to roist-er.

Oh, look at the fun-ny dog. Or is it a dog?

Yes, it is a pug dog.

What good is it?

It is no good. You may throw that Dres-den shep-herd-ess at it if you like. And no harm done ei-ther way.

Thank you. You are so kind to me. Let us go. I am too young and ten-der to stand a-ny more.

Henry William Hanemann.

No Wonder He's Alarmed

"I'M losing my appetite, doctor," said J. Morgan Greeley, fourth vice-president of the Monopolous Finance Corporation, as he sat down in the consultation room. "For two years now I've been able to spend two and a half hours at luncheon and have been more than holding my own as a business man. But a few weeks ago I found that, try as I would, I could fill only three ash-trays at noon and I began to have the most curious inclination to cut my eating time to an hour, and I'm afraid some of my associates have noticed the change. If they get the idea that I'm not as efficient as I used to be, and can't bear up under the strain of the regular three-hour luncheon period, I'll lose their confidence.

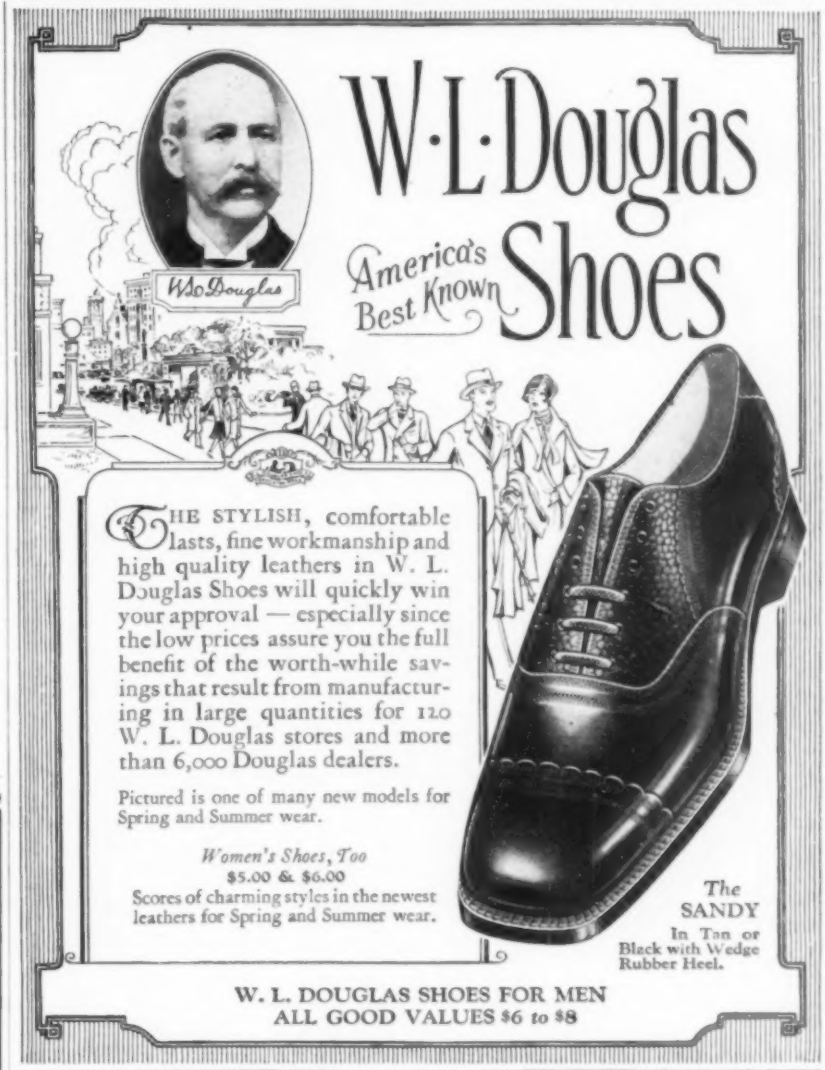
"Another symptom that bothers me is that I can't wait till half-past nine to show up at the office. I want to be at work at eight, at the latest. Of course, I have managed to suppress it, but it's begun to prey on my mind and I am afraid that some morning I'll forget myself and just walk in and go to work regardless of the consequences.

"I'm only thirty-nine and have always enjoyed the best of health. I never had any trouble staying away from the office before and I don't know what to make of it. I happened to learn that some men who are planning a new corporation have been looking me over to see if I'll do for president. It will be a $50,000-a-year job. But if those fellows discover that I'm just eating at noon and going back to my desk they'll think there's something wrong with me.

"I wish you'd look me over, doctor, and tell me what's wrong. If I keep on this way I won't be able to close my desk at four o'clock, or I may start working Saturday afternoons, or some awful thing like that. I don't care what it costs or what the treatment is, just so I can get back on a normal four-hour day like the rest of the successful men." *McCready Huston.*

Fairy Tale

ONCE upon a time a man bought a soft collar, and when he wore it, it looked just as it did in the advertisement.



Our Headache Corner

Edited by
HENRY HEADACHE

Edited exclusively for those who are occasionally afflicted with headaches. They are our best people, the ones with the superiority complex.

This is the first announcement of my nation-wide poll on the proposed new 19th Amendment.

* * *

The amendment will prohibit all headaches—

* * *

By compelling every one who starts one, to finish it instanter by taking a safe, balanced prescription.

* * *

How do you generally feel, after a headache? Vote yes ☐ or no ☐.

* * *

If you usually take a drug that leaves you depressed, all in, and ready for another headache—

* * *

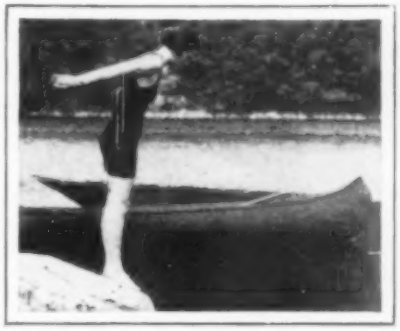
Then you will be glad to know the name of the safe, balanced prescription.

* * *

It has been relieving headaches, promptly and pleasantly, and without harmful after-effects, for over 35 years.

* * *

Vote for Kohler-Antidote, at any drug store.



Beautifully balanced

"OLD TOWN CANOES" are the exact reproductions of models built by the Penobscot Indians. These Indians were masters in the art of canoe building. Their canoes were speedy, they carried large loads easily and—they were beautifully balanced.

"Old Town Canoes" are not only steady, fast and beautiful—they are also light in weight and remarkably durable. Sturdy and rigid, "Old Town Canoes" stand up under the severest strains—they last for years without repairs.

"Old Town Canoes" are low in price too. $64 up. From dealer or factory.

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"Old Town Canoes"

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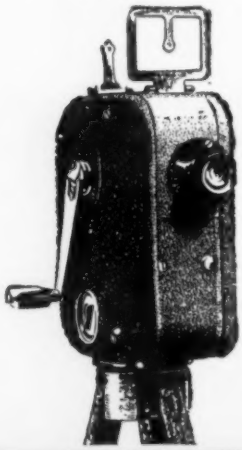

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Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of LIFE, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for April 1st, 1926. State of New York, County of New York. Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Henry A. Richter, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of LIFE, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownersh p, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations. To wit: (1) That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Life Publishing Co., 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Editor, Charles Dana Gibson, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Managing Editor, Robert E. Sherwood, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Business Manager, Henry A. Richter, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. (2) That the owners are: Life Publishing Company, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Stockholders: Charles Dana Gibson, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Irene L. Gibson, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Langhorne Gibson, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y; Edw. S. Martin, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. (3) That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding one per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. (4) That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. Henry A. Richter. (Signature of Business Manager.) Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of March, 1926. (Seal) F. W. Bristow, Notary Public, New York County No. 459, New York Register No. 7426. My commission expires March 30th, 1927.

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